

S. L. Garrison

VOL V

TEN-CENTS-A-COPY.

No 117

THE CONTINENT WEEKLY MAGAZINE

May 7, 1884.



CONDUCTED BY
ALBION W. TOURGÉE

OUR CONTINENT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

23 · PARK ROW NEW YORK



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FORTHCOMING NUMBERS OF THE CONTINENT.

Too True for Fiction.—Under this general heading a novel and attractive type of literature is now presented in THE CONTINENT, and will be continued for several months. The names of the authors of this series are published collectively, but the authorship of each particular story will not be revealed until after the completion of the series. Among the authors who will be represented are

Charles Barnard, Rose Terry Cooke, Edgar Fawcett (Author of "An Ambitious Woman"), Rossiter W. Raymond, Anna K. Greene (Author of "The Leavenworth Case"), Helen Hunt Jackson (H. H.), Edward Everett Hale, John Habberton (Author of "Helen's Babies"), Philip Bourke Marston, E. P. Roe, Louise Chandler Moulton, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Nathan C. Kouns (Author of "Arius the Libyan"), Sara Orne Jewett, A. W. Tourgee.

Never has the Romance of the early Christian Church been more attractively presented than in **Dorcas, the Daughter of Faustina**, concluded in the present number of THE CONTINENT. The next number of THE CONTINENT will contain other attractive features. Part first of a short story by TOBE DODGE entitled **Polecat Hollow**. The scene is laid in the mountains of West Virginia and the curious types of humanity introduced by the author are admirably illustrated by A. B. Frost.

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THE CONTINENT

Vol. V. No. 19.

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Whole No. 117.



FRIEZE IN OLD ENGLISH STYLE.—BY PAUL NEFFLIN.

THE ARTS OF DECORATION.

SECOND PAPER.

THE history of the decorative arts serves to illustrate the saying of a great teacher, that "all art is either an education or an infection," that is, a fashion. These have survived change because their roots strike deep down into nature, while their branches expand in that atmosphere of beauty which all gladly and freely respire.

For art is never an accident, it is an organic growth, having laws under which it unfolds, blossoms, fructifies and decays. And the arts of decoration are so closely connected with the lives of all people, that they become the legends whereby history is reported to a succeeding age. Whether it be correct or grotesque, clever or clumsy, coarse or refined, aspiring or groveling, there it is, writ in letters which spell more than their designers intended.

There is a good deal of truth in the saying of one of *Punch's* characters during the late æsthetic craze: "We must try and live up to the level of the drawing-room." The humorist perceived the element of congruity, which is too often lost sight of between character, manners, and surroundings.

A few years since, while visiting an insane asylum in company with an artist, we were shown the results of ten years of labor on the part of one of the inmates, a gentlewoman confined for life with slight but hopeless madness. It was the garden of Eden *in petto*, contained within a large box. There was the tree of Paradise, covered with green leaves, among which shone tempting red apples, and the inmates sat underneath in a kind of open pavilion, costumed in the latest Parisian fashions. Over the back of the sofa on which Eve reclined, the serpent gracefully wound, while Adam, with his hat in one hand, accepted with the other the proffered fruit the while he made the best bow his limited experience permitted. The walls of the pavilion were decorated with pictures not badly executed. "There," exclaimed my friend, "is a scene but little more incongruous than those we sometimes see: Different periods represented in the same room, sometimes on the same wall, things brought together that never should be placed in juxtaposition, and others entirely unfit for the room or the dwelling; these are found where we might look for better taste."

But it is a large and difficult field, requiring a feeling for art, an intuition of what is fitting and right, as well as study and experience, to prevent great anachronisms. We are the heirs of all the ages, and can scarce hope to originate much that is really new amid such endless creations of the past. In regard to forms, the architect is almost supreme; but in color, the chief charm of decoration, a greater latitude is permitted. Sir John Lubbock declares as the result of long-continued experiments, that ants discriminate between colors, and even prefer some to others, and aparians have long known that bees not only distinguish their own hives by colors, but are also especially pleased by some light and agreeable tints. And a system of nature which dyes in such exquisite hues the flower of the field, the wing of the butterfly, the feather of the bird, and even the fur of the animal, which makes of the blended heavens a changeful panorama of beauty, can only mean to carry a love of decorative effects to its utmost through the agency of man who is the crown of all these manifestations of Deity.

As costly dwellings are rapidly multiplying, so are decorations of every kind, and the architect is scarcely of more importance than he who makes the house cheery and habitable.

Frequently the house-mistress might have shown better results in the interior furnishings if she had studied the subject, but this has not been often supposed possible, for it is her especial province, and her feeling for harmony and fitness, even though untutored, is generally intuitive. We have all seen cottages which were so permeated by the natural grace of some bright, cheery little house-mistress, that the cretonne at the windows and on the lounge, as well as the delf on the sideboard, assumed a certain grace which gave an air of elegance to her cheapest possessions. An

improvised table-spread, or rug, a bit of dark hanging as the background of a statuette, an ivy trailing over a window—all made up a scene which was a picture in itself, though the pigments might be poor and common. For within the four walls it is all woman's realm. The love of the beautiful is her's almost to excess, and the home which ought to be to her the dearest spot this side of heaven is where her feminine capabilities

should have an opportunity for expression. The greatest wonder is, that with so little opportunity she has done so well. Delight in color is a passion with some. There are those whose greatest enjoyments of the novels of William Black are in his exquisite descriptions of hues and their harmonies. It gives the same kind of charm as melody in music—rising and falling in undulations on the ear. Those subtle and intricate tones of color vibrate on the retina in the same manner, and produce similar results. They may be grave or gay, stimulating or reposeful, loud or quiet, crude or tender. One of the foremost thinkers of the age has said: "The ultimate discoveries of science, doubtless, will establish the fact that odors, flavors, sounds and colors are effects of musical laws. . . .

That there is infinite unity manifested in infinite harmony." Nor will this assertion seem far-fetched, upon reflection, since it is founded upon the laws of science. It is well known that red beats upon the eye in slower and longer vibrations than any other color, only 39,000 waves falling upon the eye each second, while violet, which undergoes the greatest refraction, gives 57,000 vibrations during the same period. The same writer continues: "The shades of meaning correspond, in nearly every instance, to shades of color, . . . and each, conveying a particular shade of significance, acts upon the mind *via* the optic nerve, through a definite and unvarying number of ethereal vibrations. For



THE KING'S JESTER.—BY PAUL NEFFLIN.

colors may be arranged into a gamut by measuring the length of the vibrations of the ethereal particles, which are invariably across the waves that communicate sound. The rhythmic or length of tones, the melodies or pitch of tones, and the dynamics or power of tones in music are in exact mathematical accordance with the duration, the degree, and the influence of colors, which are revealed to the spirit through the senses by vibrations of atoms under the sway of light."

In this beautiful manner do all the forces of nature interplay with one another; so that one key, wrought after a true pattern, unlocks many doors. It remains to us, then, to find the true significance of the various colors, as well as their harmonious contrasts and due proportions.

Of the three primaries, red having the least power of refraction, is the basic note, indicating fire or love, the warmth, the glow, the radiance of affection. From the rosy gleam of the maiden's blush to the full river of life, palpitating through the arteries and vitalizing the extremities, we want these tints in our decorations to invigorate and inspire to good fellowship. Linked with yellow and blue on either hand, it leads an endless and fascinating dance from pink-tinted youth and the buds of spring through the gorgeous scarlet of maturity, the deeper pomegranate, the autumnal maroon and purple, to the more staid chocolate and russet wherewith the fading fields and forests clothe themselves. Employed alone, red is a beautiful barbarian of whom a glimpse should now and then be obtained. The eye more readily tolerates her sister, yellow, as she weaves in and out the changeful sunlight—gay, brilliant, and enticing; or blue, with the cool azure of the heavens in her eye, serene, soothing, and pure.

In this wondrous effect of motion upon the eye which the retina translates into color, intermediate hues pro-

duce intermediate meanings, and the modifications are as numerous as shades of feeling in the beholder.

But in order to produce harmonious results certain proportions are necessary, which experience has found to be three parts of yellow to five of red and eight of blue. These make the sixteen parts of white light which, falling upon the prism colorless, are ready to yield themselves up to analysis. And artists work upon this

principle that all perfect contrasts or groups of these three colors must be either sixteen or some multiple of sixteen; and the study of these groupings or contrasts, of their mutual attractions or dissonances, constitute the secret of decorative art, after once the forms which bear them are fixed.

For varying tints and shades possess a cool regard, a genial friendship or a perfect love for one another; else they pout and sulk, they hurl defiance, they declare war, and the contact of some hues is like the clash of discordant symbols. Where colors are "out of tune," we sit and listen to their disputes through the medium of the eye with a sense of vague discomfort, which, no doubt, often increases to positive weariness or gloom. And the cheerfulness as well as the culture of an entire household is often



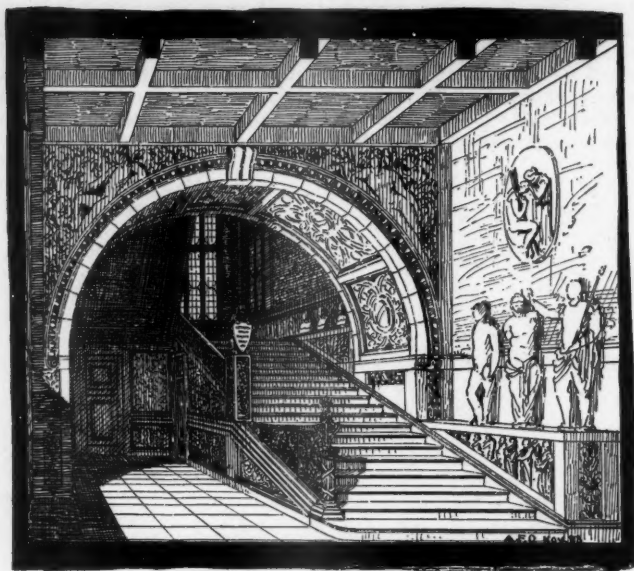
DANTE, RECITING HIS POEMS.—BY PAUL NEFFLIN.

gravely affected by the prevailing hues of the rooms in which the members are accustomed to assemble.

In the decorative arts, the three primaries should be used, if at all, in small masses; then the general effect, while glowing, is also soft and reposeful.

This effect is enhanced when white or black is employed to outline or separate them. There is a breadth produced by the repetition of a few simple elements as well as by broad masses. Children and primitive races always delight in the use of the primaries.

The Arabian, forbidden by the Koran to make images, wreaked his love of brilliant coloring in geome-



INTERIOR.—A. F. OAKLEY.

trical lines and arabesques, while the Indian outworked his in the graceful palm-leaf, covering the surface with a multiplicity of details never twice alike. Refined, imaginative and poetic, the artistic development of Eastern nations culminated in the Moors. There is also something peculiarly quaint and fascinating in the work of the Chinese and Japanese, who have carried to its utmost extent the art of conventionalizing natural forms while using primary colors sparingly, and they are always hazardous ground.

The secondary colors—green, purple and orange—need their complementaries to be effective, and need them in certain proportions. Thus green calls for the presence of red, the other primary, to complete its happiness, but it is balanced by a little less than half its own quantity. More than that produces discord, and less leaves a want which nothing else can fill. For the eight parts of the blue, uniting with the three of the yellow, make eleven parts of green to meet the five of the complementary color. In like manner eight parts of purple are the equivalents of eight of blue, while thirteen of purple need only three of yellow.

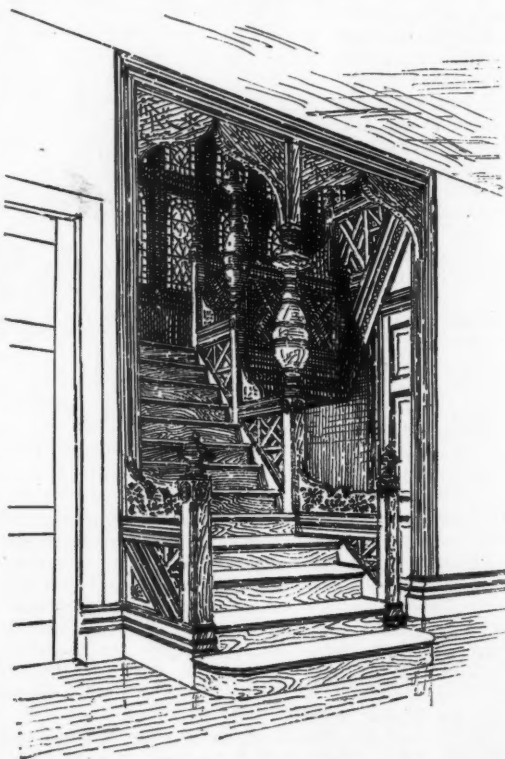
The tertiary colors formed by the union of the primaries with the secondaries in true proportion are safe to employ in large masses in house decoration, and they can be made effective with trimmings of brighter hue. These neutrals—citrine from green and orange, russet from orange and purple, and olive from purple and green—are cousins to one another, and their mutual relationships are very pleasant, since here the primaries meet and mingle. We will consider briefly their practical application to decoration.

In private houses the entrance-hall having attained dignity is treated as something more than a mere passage way. With the fireplace surmounted by tiles and carved wood, and a floor of tessellated marble or parquetry, it is the key-note of the entire structure. It is generally finished in rather darker shades than the other rooms, a certain stateliness, becoming to its use, being its characteristic.

For the rest, whether the house be a palace or a cottage, good sense as well as artistic sense will decide that the situation of the house, the tastes of its occupants and the amount and kind of hospitality to be extended by them ought to direct its interior finish. At all events it may be made symmetrical and beautiful, as well when it is to be at the service of those who believe in "plain living and high thinking," as for those who spend their lives in a round of social gayety. No matter how plain the finish if the colors be restful and harmonious, it will be soothing and pleasing to all who enter therein.

The wood-work should be in one of the "hard woods," and simply oiled or polished. Paint covers the natural grain of the wood, and thus destroys a natural surface beautiful in markings and in color which can always be kept free from stain.

We will imagine a drawing-room measuring about sixteen feet by twenty, with a height of about thirteen feet. Beginning with the cornice, there is a cove of plaster six or eight inches wide without a line or break, and with a simple moulding above and below. The ceiling is painted a blue-gray or cream tint in oil, two or three tints lighter than the same color on the side-walls. Its whole surface is then crossed by angular lines in dull bronze one eighth of an inch wide and from



INTERIOR.—A. F. OAKLEY.



AUTUMN.—BY PAUL NEFFLIN.

three to seven inches long, in the style of metal divisions in stained glass windows or the crackle of porcelain. Over these are stenciled a conventionalized flower, like the apple-blossom, the rose or tulip in their natural tints a little dulled. They are to be of three different sizes, varying from one and a half to three and a half inches in length, and are disposed irregularly over the whole ceiling.

The mouldings above and below the cove are treated like the bronze center-piece. The cove itself is the same color as the dado, either an orange or old gold. The frieze, the most conspicuous of all the decorations, is not startling, though bright, and measures twenty-two inches in depth. It is painted an iridescent bronze, shading from gold to greenish gray, and then covered by a conventional flowing vine, or lines suggesting vines and leaves, in dull red, wood-color and green. These are always to be conventional, since no refined taste can allow a perfect copy of natural forms in such a portion of decorated surface.

On coming to the side-walls we find a decidedly darker shade of ceiling—either blue-gray or yellow—of solid color, painted and stippled till the color is quite rough. The whole of the surface is then covered with a stenciling of conventional diaper ornaments, about three shades darker than the body color, and with no other tint whatever. Four different patterns may alternate, with the square and circle, or sections of them, as the base. Each figure is from three to five inches in diameter.

The dado, four feet high, of an orange or old gold hue, like that of the cove, is finished by a wood moulding three inches wide, to match the wood-work of the room, or by a painted line of Indian-red, edged on either side by a tracing of black. The dado itself is stenciled over with the same figures as the walls above, only with a deeper shade of orange or old gold. There are also picture-mouldings of wood two inches wide, to match the rest, between the frieze and the wall.

The mantel-piece is of the same kind of wood as that

in which the room is finished, with a beveled mirror in the center above, and shelving for bric-a-brac on either side. The columnar framework of this is burnished bronze. The tiles of the fireplace are tinted cream and orange, on which is traced a delicate blue vine, and the grate and andirons are of dull hammered brass.

The floor is of oak or ash, with a border of cherry from twelve to fourteen inches wide with an inlay around the base, or dividing the oak from the cherry, of ebonized wood. The oak or ash center is filled with any good "wood-filler," and then sand-papered, and the entire floor rubbed with beeswax dissolved in turpentine, into which one-tenth the quantity of oil has been added, and the whole thoroughly polished with a woolen cloth. The rugs are of subdued hues, with olive, old gold, or amber tints predominant. The chandelier, of four or six burners, has also amber-tinted globes of tulip shape.

An octagon bay-window greatly enhances the beauty of this room. The lower sashes are each of a single pane, and the upper portions are finished in Queen Anne style, with one central uncolored pane, surrounded by stained or cathedral glass of subdued hues, in which amber and blue predominate. As desirable accessories, are window-boxes for flowers, constructed of tile to match the fireplace, placed on stands of the same height as the dado.

To complete the room, the furniture coverings should be either old-gold, dull-blue, or dull-red, and the portières and window drapery of the same, or of peacock-blue. The addition of a screen, the frame of ebonized wood, four feet high, containing a single panel of iridescent amber glass, will leave little to be desired. The harmonies of tones and scales are preserved throughout, while the walls are appropriate backgrounds for pictures and for persons who may assemble within. In regard to expense it may be stated that the painting of walls and ceiling would be about \$400; the mantel, bronze columns, and grate about the same amount, and the hard-wood floor \$100. The wood-work of the room

will depend on the kind of wood used—in this estimate we will allow \$200—and for the glass in bay-window, \$100; so that all the decoration of an elegant drawing-room will be no more than \$1,100, or less, if wood be used in place of bronze above the mantel. A like sum expended on furniture, hangings and engravings will finish a picture of elegance which is often wanting where thrice as much is spent on glittering and unsymmetrical combinations, yielding neither refreshment nor repose.

Mr. M. L. Van Horn, from whose designs this room was finished, has also another with ceiling of cream-gray; side-wall of grayish green, and dado-railing of Indian-red bordered by narrow black lines.

If the room has a southern exposure, walls of citrine, a dado of maroon or russet and ceiling of a delicate blue-gray will not be displeasing, or olive walls in place of citrine, always finishing with dull, strong colors. Indian-red and terra-cotta are especially valuable with these tertiary hues, which should not be deep enough to give the effect of soberness or dinginess. For, when

"The day is dark and cold and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary,"

the ceiling seems to press down upon the inmates like those of that fatal chamber of the Inquisition, which drew nearer hour by hour, till they finally crushed out life itself.

The combinations of harmonious hues are almost endless. One beautiful room has walls of light terra-cotta, and a ceiling of pale yellow, covered with a curious net-work of dull gilt in large interlacing rings. With wood-work of satin-wood, curtains and portiere in rich, dark Turcoman and furniture coverings of Persian stuff shot with gold, it looks like an interior by Rembrandt in the dusky twilight of a winter's day. The light, glancing in subdued splendor from the golden threads and links was reflected back from the velvet-textured walls with the warmth of a rich sunset.

The decorations of a dining-room are more subdued than those of the drawing-room. A notable example in this city, in a private house, is treated in the Japanese style throughout. The ceiling has a circular center-piece of Japanese bronze, around which are ranged four others of similar design, and around these are medallions containing Japanese paintings of dragons and grotesque creatures. The cornice is of dull metal, carved in raised work. The side-walls are covered with hangings of curious fabric from "the land of the Rising Sun," in dull olive and old gold, below which is a dado of olive-green and Indian-red. The chimney-piece of carved oak contains shelves either side the mirror, on which are the finest of Japanese porcelain, while on each side the fireplace are buffets of carved oak built into the wall.

Opposite the chimney-piece is a bay-window, through the upper sash of which the western light streams in warm hues through painted fish and fruit. The arch separating the window from the room is a wonderful piece of Japanese carving in solid wood, on which are humorous groups of figures in ivory, wrought with all that perfect and characteristic fidelity which marks the handiwork of our friends of the antipodes. Underneath this arch stands a tall bronze vase, also the production of a Japanese workshop. Both these attracted much attention by the lovers of curios at the Centennial. They afford an endless study of the peculiar life of that people who are so graphic in giving expression to the spirit of the object depicted, and so patient and painstaking in detail.

There is also a screen six feet in height, covered with marvelous figures bowing and smirking, clothed in robes of olive-blue and dull red, strongly outlined in threads of gold. The Turkey carpet, of crimson on a floor of parquetry, brings into rich relief all the details of this delightfully quaint apartment.

The library of the same house is paneled in walnut, with frieze of wood carved and trimmed with ebony. The ceiling is finished with irregular, rectangular panels (separated by heavy beams) of leather, the room having that deep, rich hue, which is neither maroon nor chocolate, but a mingling of both.

In some of the handsomest apartments, the frieze is an elaborate picture on canvas, painted in the studio of the artist, such as are represented in *THE CONTINENT*, and there are large rooms finished by panels on the side-walls.

But it is not necessary to use a certain grade of material in order to produce happy effects. The combinations described can be employed in inexpensive designs. Cartridge paper, of thick, strong make, and of excellent tints, is used to great advantage in some Eastern cities on the walls of drawing-rooms as well as chambers and libraries, though it does not seem to be regarded with much favor in other localities. It is manufactured in various hues of blue-green, gray, terra-cotta and yellow, and forms a good background for pictures, cabinets and hangings. One unique room, hung with terra-cotta-colored cartridge paper, has a dado of shaded roses climbing over a trellis, and frieze of a conventionalized vine of corresponding hues; another is of pale peacock-blue, with dado of Indian-red. This paper, though inexpensive, is little less effective than that embossed paper having a velvety surface, which comes in the best shades.

Then there are hangings of Japanese material, designed with all that witchery which "half conceals and half reveals" the object conventionalized; damask and Persian stuff, full of that burnished, metallic gleam, over which the light plays hide-and-seek, and tawny leather, metamorphosed into something rich and strange. All these are the creations of trained artists, and properly belong in the domain of the decorative arts.

There are those whose taste demands a greater amount of glitter than these afford. But they are generally those who desire frequent change of decoration, the eye soon tiring of what stimulates and gives no rest. Very likely the owner of the peacock-room, painted by the famous artist whose "symphonies" and "nocturnes" have caused so much discussion pro and con, already wishes that bespangled bird would fold its metaphorical tents and quietly steal away. Think of breakfasting, dining and supping every day in the year and such brilliant plumage staring at one, each with its cyclopean eye! Less objectionable is this hall through which access is had to the house of another artist. It is "painted in delicate cream-color, and the tapestries are of soft green plush. The two doors at the end of the hall are elaborately gilded, and contain in panels two magnificent portraits of the artist-owner and his wife on gold backgrounds." In the drawing-room of the same house "the wall and ceiling are in plain dead gold, laid on leaf by leaf, producing an astonishingly gorgeous effect. The frieze has the appearance of a delicate carved ivory mounted in ebony, and is a minute replica of the frieze of the Pantheon." It is only in keeping with this room that the tall and classical-looking mistress of the house usually dresses indoors in the Grecian or Roman style, so that all incongruity is avoided.

From all this brilliance, it is a relief to turn away to a simple country home in the suburbs of the great city, where the long, low parlor, simply papered in a light peacock-blue, with a tracery of a darker shade, floor stained and polished, on which is a rug of dark-red, with border of dull-blue, and furniture of black and white rattan, with cushions of maroon plush, give a reposeful and cheerful air to the unstudied grace of the interior. But there are two or three fine landscapes on the wall, and a *genre* picture on the easel in the corner, and a real Satsuma vase in the ebony cabinet, which could be studied with pleasure during a whole afternoon. On the low book-case are some good prints and bronzes, and, while nothing is too fine for daily use, each thing is excellent of its kind. In such a home we learn that decorations are objects of enduring beauty when they contain the elements of symmetry, harmony, repose, and fitness for the places where they are found.

Judged by this standard, there is arising a race of artists and architects, from some of whom examples are given, who mark the beginning of a new era in the decorative arts. External influences are growing more favorable, a higher standard is demanded, a greater discrimination exercised, and the field of the artist is broadening every day.

Through the means of the excellent art journals which have been established within a few years, as well as through societies of decorative arts, illustrated magazines and papers which familiarize the public with form and composition, and, in some cases, with color, the way is preparing for those fine mural exhibitions which can only exist where there is a culture resulting from a long acquaintance with the best works of the past. For, united with a deep sense of the beautiful, is needed patient and untiring labor and study, through

months and years together, ere the acolyte is ready to officiate as priest at that altar of which Nature is the base and Art the superstructure. The aesthetic demands of the age are more and more multiplying the fields of industry, and the artisan is required to attain a technical skill in every detail which was impossible in the earlier years of the republic. And, through examination of the productions of the Old World, a more correct self-estimate has been formed without checking the nascent genius of the New.

The architect is the first of all the artists. He lays the foundations in strength and symmetry, and rears the house in majesty akin to those groves where

"Man learned
To hew the shaft and
lay the architrave,
And spread the roof
above them,
To gather and roll
back the sound of
anthems."

From the first square walls when the house was only a shelter from the elements, he has been a decorator. Here he has thrown out a graceful portico, and there a rhythmic colonnade, then a projecting oriel to break the light, till gradually the house has developed into a casket into which all the labor of the ages is wrought

with loving toil and care. Some of our architects have caught a little of the spirit of those wonderful encyclopedists of the fifteenth century who gave such glory to Italy. In them all forms of art interlocked with one another like those strange Oriental arabesques in which the eye can scarcely detect where one figure ends and another begins. These Florentines were not only painters but architects, sculptors, mechanicians, engravers, and often musicians, inventors and poets. Is not the creative instinct inexhaustible, and may not new forms yet spring into being, palpitating with immortal youth?

Over such creations fashions have no control. And a frieze or panel or ceiling on which noble and graceful



THE WIZARD.—BY PAUL NEFFLIN.



NYMPH.—BY PAUL NEFFLIN

forms are represented will be no less a joy to the beholder in the year 2884 than in the year 1884. During some seasons the young maidens, whose loveliness vies with theirs on the painted wall, may wear pink and blue, at others amber and maroon, but they will have the satisfaction of knowing that contrasts and harmonies are unchanging.

A writer commenting on the revival of old forms of decoration, furniture and ornament, has given some pithy strictures upon the divergence between modern society and its setting. The Queen Anne renaissance recalls the days of high-bred courtesy and grace which belonged to that quaint epoch. The critic concludes that "the stately circumlocution and elaborations of Queen Anne's day would be ridiculous if too closely reproduced in this. Good taste would be outraged by such an attempt almost as much as by its opposite. But a medium lies between the extremes which good breeding can easily define. And a wealthy and at some points an improving as well as a growing society owes it to its own self-respect in calling back from oblivion

the material modes and prettinesses of a past generation, not to leave entirely out of sight the moral and spiritual graces which were not less characteristic; graces without some inkling of which the picture is utterly out of drawing, and suggests crudity and vulgarity rather than a symmetrical whole."

What the art of the future may become will depend altogether upon the course which the development of the country may take. It must always strive to express ideal beauty,

"So that the drudge in dirty frock
Spies behind the city clock
Retinues of airy kings,
Skirts of angels, starry wings,"

It must be strong and noble or weak and effeminate according to the manner in which the material shall subserve or dominate the intellectual and moral. An undue value placed on the extrinsic and perishable obscures the intrinsic and imperishable. Where the former is worshiped, the latter, starved, flees to other climes or hides itself for an apotheosis in future ages.

HESTER M. POOLE.



DORCAS, THE DAUGHTER OF FAUSTINA.

BY NATHAN BEN NATHAN, AN ESSENEAN,
(AUTHOR OF "ARIUS THE LIBYAN.")

CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

AND so, furthered by Constantine by every aid that imperial power could command up to the confidence of Italy, Eusebius returned to Rome. Upon the occasion of the former council this adroit and unscrupulous man had carefully ascertained and preserved the name and address of every bishop and presbyter who had favored his own views, and being afraid to submit the question of adopting the policy upon which his own heart was set to a council in which the stern, incorruptible Christian integrity of Epaphras and of many like him would confront, expose and overwhelm the plausible sophisms by which he had deceived even himself, he chose rather to confer privily with those who had been inclined to favor his own views. Therefore, both at Rome and elsewhere, he solicited an interview with such as could conveniently assemble at each place, and obtained their signatures, knowing that Constantine would not understand the differences between a document authenticated by their individual names and a decree passed by the common consent in regular council.

The points upon which Eusebius insisted in these small but numerous assemblies, with consummate address, were about as follows: That upon further conference with Constantine he had found him to be far more favorably inclined to Christianity than he had aforesaid believed or represented; that the emperor would not require any Christian to bear arms, but would leave it to the conscience of each one to determine for himself whether he might do so or not—a "liberty of conscience" upon which the church had always insisted; that no alliance between the church and the emperor was desired, or even proposed, but that the emperor only desired the prayers of the Chris-

tians, their loyalty and friendship, the payment of customary taxes—which as citizens they had paid even to Nero and Diocletian—and wished to give them legal protection, if the church would accept it; that within the limits of their own community the Christians might maintain their laws and customs unimpaired; and that if the civil war, in which he was about to engage, should be protracted beyond one campaign, they must furnish money or supplies, or both.

Eusebius urged vehemently that these things did not constitute any alliance with the emperor, and were not inconsistent with Christianity, and in this plausible statement of the case he soon found able coadjutors to divide the work with him, and prosecute the business in many quarters simultaneously. To all of them he furnished an answer to the one fatal objection "that any concensus between the church and the empire must necessarily shear the Christians clear of all thaumaturgical powers which were appurtenant only to the pure democracy of Christ, wherein they must of necessity be exercised only for the common good, and could never be used to build up an earthly kingdom, or a secularized church," as follows: That it must be candidly admitted that the loss of thaumaturgical power would in all probability follow the acceptance of the imperial protection; but that these powers were given only to enable the church to maintain herself against a world hostile to the claims of Christianity; that spiritual truth would be preserved unimpaired, and that the miracles which had been continuously wrought for three centuries would be sufficient evermore to demonstrate the gospel truth; that there could be no necessity for continuous miraculous aid to insure the triumph of the church, backed by the Roman Empire, the mistress of the world; and that, finally, if a time should ever

arrive in the history of the church when it might become necessary to resort to thaumaturgy to secure her triumph, the church could do so by cutting loose from all secular governments and reorganizing her communities on the primitive foundation of communism and faith.

By these and many more such specious arguments Eusebius secured a great number of signatures of bishops and presbyters to a parchment promising what Constantine desired. And this was made the more easy by an extraordinary rumor that became current among the Christians both at Rome and elsewhere. It was affirmed that the Emperor Constantine, marching at the head of his army at midday, had seen a miraculous cross in the heavens shining above the brightness of the sun and had seen an inscription thereon in the Greek language: "In this sign conquer;" it was furthermore given out that in a vision of the night, Christ or an angel, had appeared unto the emperor, and had directed him to take for a standard a cross bearing his own effigy, and the words which he had beheld upon that cross seen by him in heaven, and to march against Maxentius and all his enemies with the assurance of success; and that he must be the Protector of the Church of Jesus Christ. It was further given out that the vision had directed him to call his standard by a miraculous name, *Labarum*, a word before unknown to the human race, and having no root or origin in any earthly language. It was furthermore given out that although the whole army had seen the celestial sign, Constantine (because of the heathen) desired the vision and the words to be kept secret from all except the Christians.

To those who made careful inquiry, what seemed to be the main fact, the luminous appearance above the midday sun, was proved by incontestible and overwhelming testimony; and Eusebius and those who acted with him used this strange story with wonderful success in bringing still others over to their own views; and many urged that a council be summoned to consider the whole matter again. But this Eusebius vehemently opposed, saying that it was not necessary, and that Constantine did not require their action to be taken in council, being satisfied with their signatures and the revelation vouchsafed to him constituting him the Defender of the Faith. But when these things came to the knowledge of Epaphras and those who agreed with him in sentiment, they vigorously endeavored to secure the calling of a council, but their action had been forestalled by Eusebius; and when they found that they could not obtain their desires in this regard, they issued a pastoral letter to all of the churches, warning them against the course pursued by Eusebius. And this letter began with the declaration that "Eusebius had forestalled the summoning of a council, because he well knew that whenever the common church might meet to deliberate upon the matter the Holy Ghost would come upon them, and would guide them into all truth—which fact Eusebius feared."

The letter also said, "The day that ye conclude this sacrilegious bargain miracles will cease; or will henceforth occur only sporadically, beyond any control or influence of the church, and in such seemingly accidental ways as to render them no longer available as evidence of the divinity of Jesus. Then ye will have nothing left of Christ's gospel except its spiritual truth, and Christianity will speedily become a mere ecclesiasticism as much as Judaism or paganism—a secularized church using the religious sentiment of mankind to maintain political despotisms, ready to give the pretended sanc-

tion of our Lord to war, slavery, Mammon-worship and every other crime, fraud and injustice that the empire may establish by some felon formula of law."

And the letter said, "And there will grow up an ecclesiasticism in which the so-called ministers of Christ shall preach the gospel for money, and there shall be among them envy, jealousy, hatred, strife, ambition and selfishness, such as even the heathen permit not in their temples;" and the letter also said: "The church so constituted shall be the master of ceremonies for countless forms, doctrines and secular authority, condemned by Jesus, and shall lose the power of godliness and the beauty of truth, even as the Eusebians themselves admit that thaumaturgy shall fade away;" and the letter concluded as follows: "Brethren, this is to sell our Lord; it is to destroy His holy common church; it is to establish mere Phariseism upon the ruins of forsaken and forgotten Christianity; it is to set up the Anti-Christ."

And this letter having been read by many, some of them who had signed went to Eusebius to erase their signatures from the parchment; to whom he answered: "The parchment hath already been sent and is far upon the way to the emperor."

CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH THERE IS A DEATH AND ALSO A MARRIAGE.

WHILE this business was transacting secretly, and before Eusebius had procured the signatures to the parchment which he sent to Constantine, after the Centurion Marcellus had been baptized by Epaphras in the chapel in the catacombs, and had partaken of the communion in one of those pleasant Sabbath-day conferences which had long been customary between himself, Dorcas and Epaphras, the young man spake thus: "I am, indeed, very happy, Father Epaphras, in the faith of Christ; but I feel bound in my conscience to abandon the military service of the empire, and to publicly declare my faith in Jesus; nor can I have perfect peace until this shall have been done."

"If thou do this thing publicly," said Epaphras, "the Romans will put thee to death, both because thou art a Christian, and also because thou forsakest the military life without the consent of the emperor. Nevertheless, Marcellus, consider the matter well, and follow thou the teachings of thine own conscience."

And the centurion said: "I have considered it very fully. I know that the duties of an officer in the army of the empire and the duties of a Christian are irreconcilable. I have resolved upon this course, and will pursue it. I cannot do otherwise."

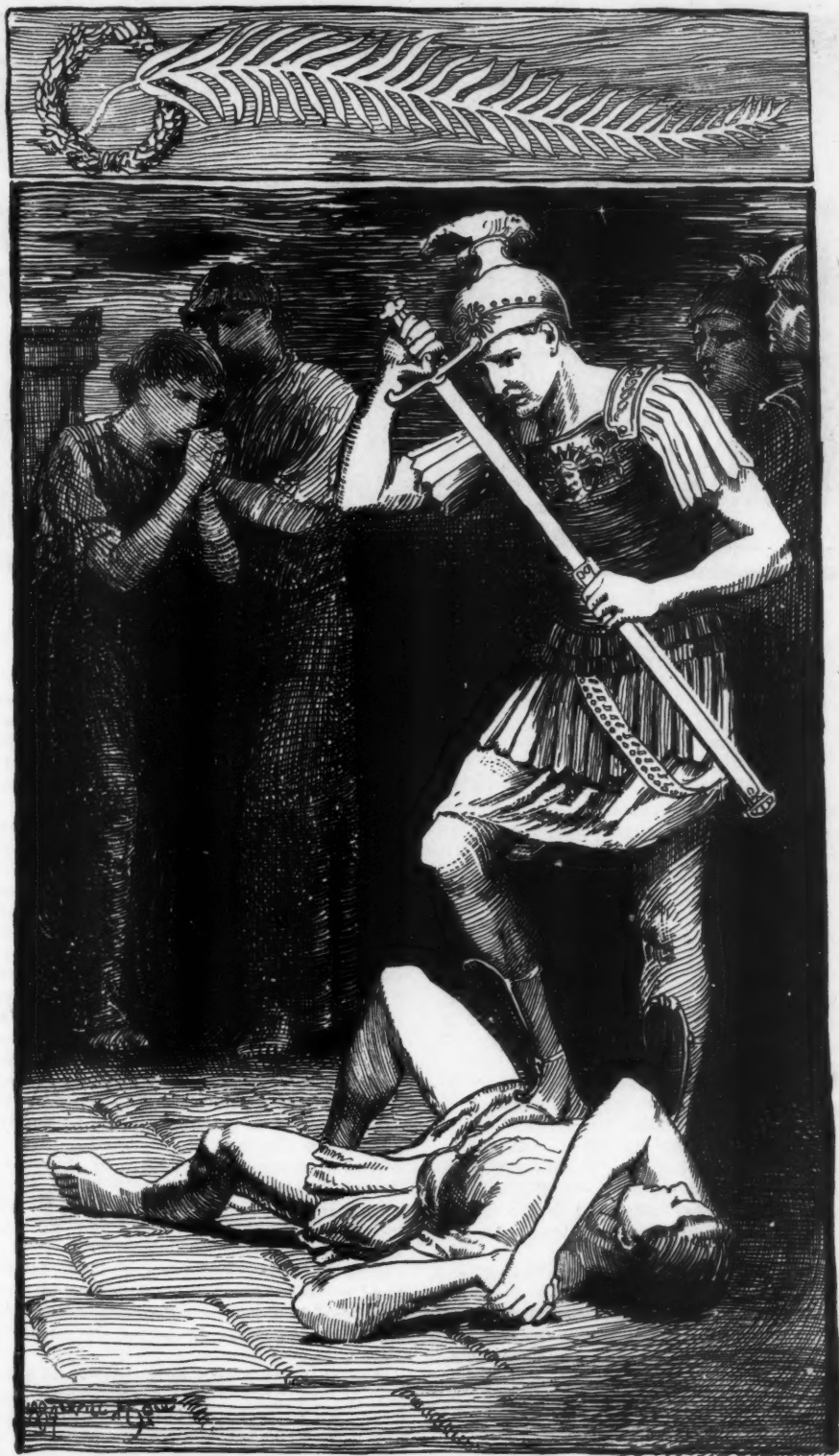
"A life bought by the sacrifice of one's conscience is purchased at too dear a price," said Epaphras. "The *Libellatici* and the *Thurificati*, who have purchased of the heathen priests or magistrates false certificates that they had sacrificed to the pagan gods, when it was not true that they had done so, in order to escape the consequences of having been discovered to be Christians, have no peace, although forgiven by the church."

"I am resolved," said Marcellus, "and I have mentioned the matter to thee chiefly because if I be slain therefor perhaps the Lord might grant the Anastasis, which I do desire exceedingly, if it be His will."

"The church shall pray for thee in that behalf," said Epaphras. "Thou understandest that we do not know what may be the will of God concerning thee!"

"I go hence," said Marcellus, "to carry out my purpose. If I perish, I perish. Fare thee well!"

Then the presbyter embraced him and kissed him on



"SO MAY ALL TRAITORS AND ALL CHRISTIANS DIE!"



THE CONGREGATION PASSED IN SLOW AND SOLEMN PROCESSION THROUGH THE LONG GALLERIES.

his forehead, saying: "Farewell, my son! The peace of God be and abide with thee!"

And after a tender leave-taking of Dorcas, the centurion, who had learned the way to and from the chapel by repeated visits, departed upon his dangerous mission.

The next evening, when the legion to which he belonged was mustered for customary exercise, which had recently become frequent and onerous because of the impending war with Constantine, in the view of the legion and of a crowd that had assembled to watch their evolutions, the centurion deliberately left the head of his century and advanced to the legionary, who turned fiercely upon him and cried out:

"Why hast thou left thy post? What dost thou here?"

Then Marcellus took off his belt, and his arms, and the insignia of his office, and laid them down at the feet of the legionary, and he said in a loud voice:

"Know thou that I have become a Christian, whom conscience permitteth not to bear arms, and I do here resign my command, refuse to serve longer, and will follow no king but Jesus Christ henceforth."

But the legionary, drawing his sword, cried out:

"I care not for thy conscience, nor for thy Christ, but for military order and obedience; and if thou dost not instantly resume thine arms, and return straight to thy proper place, I will smite thee dead with mine own hand."

Marcellus crossed his arms upon his breast, and, gazing upon the legionary, said:

"For conscience sake I will not obey thee. Strike thou home!"

And thereupon the legionary thrust his sword through Marcellus' bosom so that the point thereof came out behind his back, and the young centurion sank down upon his knees, and then fell at full length upon the ground.

And the legionary set his foot upon the breast of Mar-

cellus, and pulled and withdrew his two-edged sword, and holding it aloft did cry aloud, saying:

"So may all traitors and all Christians die!"

At the order of the legionary, the soldiers marched past the centurion's body as it lay prone upon the ground. Then four men were told off to bear it away from the Campus Martius and lay it where it would not obstruct the manœuvres, which were continued as though no such terrible thing had happened, while a messenger was dispatched to the Vice-Prefect Varus bearing the news of his son's treason and summary execution at the hands of the legionary.

But certain men among those who stood around presently came forward, raised up his body, and, having brought a litter, no one preventing them, they placed the body thereon, and they carried it to the chapel in the catacombs, wherein were many awaiting the return of Epaphras and others who had gone to mingle with the crowd about the Campus Martius, and to observe the action of Marcellus, and what might come of it.

And Dorcas also was with them there, and at the selfsame instant the legionary smote the young man she felt as if a sword had pierced her own heart also, but she ceased not to pray, and to say: "Surely the Lord will restore him to us!"

And when those that brought in the corpse had laid it upon the long table in the sight of all, Epaphras, the presbyter, prayed mightily to God that He would grant the Anastasis for Marcellus, and all the people answered, "Amen!"

And Epaphras, coming round to the table, took the hand of Marcellus in his own, saying in a loud voice: "Brother, if it be the will of God concerning thee, in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, arise and live!"

And the young man arose and stood upon his feet, praising the Lord. And straightway he clasped unto his bosom the maiden Dorcas, and they did talk with each other briefly, and they did call the presbyter Epaphras to come unto them, and thereupon the pres-

byter did call the rejoicing congregation to order, and when they were seated he said :

"Marcellus and Dorcas desire to be united in matrimony according to God's holy ordinance. Come ye forward !"

Ghost, I declare ye twain to be one flesh. Whom, therefore, God hath joined together let no man put asunder." And they both answered, "Amen !" and all the people said, "Amen !" And Marcellus put his arms around Dorcas' neck and did kiss her, and did say



AND THEY BOTH ANSWERED, "AMEN !"

And the twain came forward, hand in hand, and Epaphras saith : "Do ye each take each other for husband and wife, of your own free will and choice, to dwell together in the holy estate of Christian marriage, according to the commands of our Lord Jesus Christ, as in His Gospel is set forth ?" And both of them answered, "We do." Then said Epaphras : "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy

with great content, "Thou art my wife !" and she did look upon him with beaming countenance and did say, "Thou art my husband !"

And the congregation were glad and did rejoice, and when they all were gone Dorcas took up her lamp and said : "Come, husband mine, and I will show to thee the home in which I have dwelt so long." And hand in hand the twain departed out of the chapel.

CHAPTER XX.

Now, the Emperor Constantine in due time received the parchment which Eusebius sent to him, signed by many bishops and presbyters, and he read the same with joy; and immediately he put his legions upon the march to Rome, bearing the cruciform standards which they called Labarums. After twice defeating the armies which Maxentius led forth to dispute the passage of the Alps, on the 27th day of October, A.D. 312, his forces were cantoned at Saxa Rubra, and upon the next day he attacked the army of the Emperor Maxentius, then drawn up in battle order at the Fabricus Bridge, nine miles from Rome, and defeated that army with great slaughter. And the Emperor Maxentius did attempt to swim his horse across the Tiber and so escape back into Rome, but he was drowned there in the river; and there was no more of that war, and Constantine was at once recognized as Emperor of Italy, as well as of the west, and as Augustus.

But after the compact which Eusebius had prepared to be signed by the presbyters and bishops had received their signatures and had been delivered to faithful messengers to be conveyed to the Emperor Constantine, one whom Maxentius, by his magistrates, had ordered to be beheaded, had sent earnest requests to the Presbyter Epaphras and to the church that they would beseech God in his behalf that the Anastasis might be granted unto him; and they conveyed the body to the chapel in the catacombs, and did pray mightily as aforetime, but God would not raise him up. And likewise some that were ill besought the prayers of the church, by which aforetime many were healed, and God answered not their prayers. And the deaf came to be relieved, and the blind to have their sight restored, but no miracle occurred in that chapel after the resurrection of Marcellus. And Epaphras was sorely grieved and his church. And when they found that God no more regarded them Epaphras preached unto them often that this "came from the alliance made with Constantine; and they all saw that thaumaturgy, which had for three hundred years been the glory and defense of Christianity, had indeed departed from the church and from the world."

And often Epaphras considered with them whether they should not, one and all, leave Rome and the Roman Empire and even journey unto the Isle of Man, and there found for themselves and their children a community unsecularized by an alliance with any human government. And they did agree to keep up their services in the chapel every Seventh day, and to wait yet a little longer, if by chance the Lord would put into the hearts of those men to repent of their sin, and come again unto the Kingdom of Heaven. But, notwithstanding, they made all necessary preparations to depart as soon as it should become certain that the secularization of the church would progress to a hopeless condition.

And Constantine left Rome and journeyed to Milan and established his throne in that city; and about April, of the year 313, did the Emperor Constantine issue to the Roman people "The Edict of Milan," which was as follows:

"Wherefore, as I, Constantine Augustus, came under favorable auspices to Milan, and took under consideration all affairs that pertained to the public benefit and welfare, these things among the rest appeared to us to be most advantageous and profitable to all. We have resolved

among the first things to ordain those matters by which the reverence and worship to the Deity might be exhibited. That is, how we may grant likewise to the Christians, and to all, the free choice to follow that mode of worship which they may wish: that whatsoever divinity and celestial power may exist may be propitious to us and to all that live under our government. Therefore we have decreed the following ordinance as our will with a salutary and most correct intention, that no freedom at all shall be refused to the Christians, to follow or keep their observances or worship. . . . And this we further decree with respect to the Christians, that the places in which they were formerly accustomed to assemble, concerning which also we formerly wrote to you fidelity in a different form, that if any person have purchased these, either from our treasury or from any other one, these shall restore them to the Christians, without money and without demanding any price, without any superadded value or augmentation, without delay or hesitancy, and if any have happened to receive these places as presents that they shall restore them as soon as possible to the Christians, so that if either those that purchased or those that received them as presents have anything to request of our munificence, they may go to the provincial governor as the judge, that provision may also be made for them by our clemency. All of which it will be necessary to be delivered up to the body of Christians by your care without any delay. And since the Christians themselves are known to have had not only those places where they were accustomed to meet, but other places also belonging not to individuals among them, but to the right of the whole body of Christians, you will also command all these, by virtue of the law before mentioned, without any hesitancy, to be restored to these same Christians, that is, to their body and to each concenticle respectively. The aforesaid consideration, to wit, being observed; namely, that they who, as we have said, restore them without valuation and price may expect their indemnity from our munificence and liberality."

And Constantine likewise issued another decree, in which he said:

"Whence it is our will, that when thou shalt receive this epistle, if any of those things belonging to the common church of the Christians in the several cities or other places are now possessed either by the decurions or any others, these thou shalt cause immediately to be restored to their churches. . . . Make all haste to restore as soon as possible all that belongs to the church, whether gardens, houses, or anything else."

And Constantine also wrote to Cæcilianus, Bishop of Carthage:

"As we have determined that, in all the provinces of Africa, Numidia, and Mauritania something should be granted to certain ministers of the legitimate and most holy common religion to defray their expenses, I have given letters to Ursus, the most illustrious Lieutenant-Governor of Africa, and have communicated to him that he shall provide to pay to your authority three thousand folles. After you shall have obtained this sum, you are to order these moneys to be distributed among the aforesaid ministers, according to the abstract addressed to thee from Hosius. But if thou shalt learn, perhaps, that anything shall be wanting to complete this my purpose with regard to all, thou art authorized, without delay, to make demands for whatever thou mayest ascertain to be necessary from Heraclides, the procurator of our possessions, and I have also commanded him when present, that if thy authority should demand any moneys of him, he should see that it should be paid without delay. And as I ascertained that some men, who are of no settled mind, wished to divert the people from the most holy Catholic Church

* From Eusebius Eccles. Hist.: B. X. I. c. 5.

by a certain pernicious adulteration, I wish thee to understand that I have given, both to the Proconsul Anulinus, and to Patricius, Vicar-general of the Prefect, that among all the rest, they should particularly pay the necessary attention to this, *nor should by any means tolerate that this should be overlooked.* Wherefore, if thou seest any of these men persevering in this madness, thou shalt, without any hesitancy, *proceed to the aforesaid judges, and report it to them, that they may animadvert upon them, as I commanded them when present.*"

Wherefore, Epaphras plainly perceived that the whole Christian constitution of the common church was subverted, and a state religion or ecclesiasticism substituted for it.

And when the Presbyter Epaphras had read this Edict of Milan, and when he had learned that the Emperor Constantine had caused to be raised, in the midst of Rome, a statue of himself, bearing a cross in its right hand, with an inscription which referred the victory of its arms and the deliverance of Rome to the virtue of that salutary sign, the true symbol of force and courage; and had learned that "the same symbol sanctified the arms of the soldiers of Constantine; that the cross glittered on their helmets, was engraved on their shields, was interwoven in their banners; and that the consecrated emblems which adorned the person of the emperor himself were distinguished only by richer materials and more exquisite workmanship;" when he learned that Constantine, at the same time, issued two edicts, "one of which enjoined the solemn observance of Sunday" (which he therein denominated the "Day of the Sun," in order not to offend the pagans), and the other of which "directed the regular consultation of the Aruspices;" when he saw that Constantine enriched the pagan temples; placed the figures and attributes of Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, and Hercules, upon the money issued from his mint; made a solemn apotheosis of his father, Constantius; and in all respects, attempted to hold fast to the heathen with one hand, and to the church with the other, manifestly designing, and, to a large extent accomplishing, the union of these two systems; and when he saw the church exalting the character, and fawning and flattering the greatness and goodness of this man, who still wore the imperial purple and had never even been baptized, he informed his own faithful people thereof, who had already agreed that, if that thorough secularization of the church which he had foreboded should follow the union of church and state, they would leave Italy with him, and remove into some distant land beyond the confines of the Roman Empire, and there seek to maintain a community for themselves and their children, in which the forms and doctrine of the democracy of Christ should be fully established; and in the month of June, in the year 313, having completed all their preparations for entering upon their long journey to the far North, they met together to hold divine service, for the last time, in their loved chapel in the catacombs; and at the conclusion thereof, with streaming eyes and aching heart, the Presbyter Epaphras said unto them: "Let us arise and go hence!" and he took his lamp in his hand and sadly moved away; and Marcellus and Dorcas followed next after him; and then, in slow and solemn procession, bearing their lamps in their hands through the long galleries, came the sorrowful but faithful congregation.

And likewise other faithful presbyters and bishops and their people, who, also, refused to betray their Lord by adopting the Roman laws which sanctioned war, and slavery, and Mammon-worship in the matter

of private ownerships of property, segregated themselves into little communities in Italy, Hispania, Gaul and Germany, seeking to maintain for themselves and their children the democracy of Christ's common church; and abbeys and monasteries sprang up out of these communities. But in the lapse of time the secularized church became a human government, and forced them also to come under their ecclesiastical laws; and the church departed more and more from the fundamental laws of primitive Christianity, conformed more and more unto the world, and finally became that which we now see, an ornate and costly ecclesiasticism that despises the poor, perverts the Gospel, and worships Mammon in the name of the Son of the carpenter—an inverted Christianity that would feel itself to be insulted if one should call it Anti-Christ.

But Epaphras, followed by his whole congregation—men, women, and children, from the gray grandsire to the babe in arms—passed through Rome by the Appian Way, until they reached the Temple of Vesta, and thence along the banks of the Tiber, until they came to the Ælian Bridge, in solemn procession, with wagons and chariots drawing their household goods, and grain for seed, and calves, and lambs, goats, and poultry, and all iron implements of agriculture and of mechanics. And they ended the first day's journey on that spot of ground which was afterward covered by the great temple of St. Peter (whom after ages confounded with a Galilean of the same name, who was a Christian), and at night, under the open heavens, Epaphras held the last Christian church service that was ever witnessed in the City of the Cæsars.

And day after day they pursued their journey, and night after night their songs and prayers ascended unto heaven. And so they went through Italy, and crossed the Alps, and journeyed into Gaul, until, about the close of the first month, they reached Lentetia, and here for a short space they tarried, building and buying ships wherewith to continue their exodus down the river and over the sea.

And night after night came the deacons, saying unto Epaphras:

"Father, whither dost thou lead us?"

And night after night Epaphras answered, saying:

"Beyond the limits of the Roman Empire unto some land wherein we may serve the Lord."

And the boats were completed, the people embarked, with their implements of agriculture, their personal property, their mechanics' tools, their calves, and sheep, and goats, and their poultry, and, with the flowing river, they wandered to the sea.

And at last the vast expanse of waters lay outspread before them, and the deacons came to Epaphras, saying:

"Father, whither dost thou lead us now?" for the ships were small and the waters great.

And Epaphras said again:

"Beyond the limits of the Roman Empire unto some land wherein we may serve the Lord. Cast off! Hoist sail! Trust God!"

And slowly the ships drove over against the coast of Britain, and they coasted westerly until they came upon a long peninsula trending southwardly, and they doubled that point, and the sea spread out before them. And afterwards they coasted northwardly, until they passed the wall of Severus, that marked the extreme limits of the Roman power, and the people of that land refused to receive them or to permit them to land upon their shores.



Then came the deacons, distressfully, and said unto Epaphras :

"Father, whither dost thou lead us now?"

The presbyter stood up and prayed, and afterward he answered them, saying :

"Whithersoever the Lord shall guide us. Cast off! Hoist sail!"

A wind from the west drove off the ships from that inhospitable coast. And days and nights they were on the deep, when suddenly a land appeared before them. There was a long, low line of fertile soil, and abrupt mountains, and numerous sparkling rivers, and a mighty sweep of forests; and the land was beautiful. Then cried Epaphras from the foremost ship: "It is a virgin land, where Rome's imperial eagles never flew! Behold our pleasant home!"

And they made land safely; and they disembarked, and found no man, but deer, and quail, and partridges, and grouse, and abundant fish.

And first of all they unloaded the ships, and by the request of Epaphras they brake every boat in pieces; and their camp was pitched far inland; and they began to build cottages and to prepare the ground for seed.

Then went Epaphras, and with his own hand he cut a stone from the mountain, and he fashioned it with tools, and drew it unto a convenient place; and he called them all to look upon it; and they said unto him: "What is that, Epaphras?"

And he said: "I lay here the corner-stone of a Christian church; who will build thereon?"

And straightway every able man quarried a stone and brought it thither, and the church grew from day to day. And their lambs, and kids, and calves, and poultry grew to flocks and herds.

And they set a watch upon the loftiest peak of the mountain night and day, and as often as any ship appeared in the offing the man Epaphras prayed unto

God, and a mist came up out of the sea and covered all the island, so that no ship could find or land thereon.

They had a church, and a school; and held all things in common except wives, even as Jesus commanded; and they prospered in all things, serving God in the beauty of holiness; until the man Epaphras grew old and died, having enjoined upon them that they should build no ships, and should pray for the mists to rise whenever ships might come in sight, unless they should be wrecked or in distress.

And the people elected Marcellus to be presbyter; and he followed in the way of Epaphras; and the people builded no ships; and the presbyter raised the mists to hide the island when any ships hove in sight; and the people were happy, prosperous and free.

But the presbyter Marcellus grew old and died, and Dorcas with him; and others succeeded him in the sacred office, until, about the year 400 came in new generations of men that forsook the tradition of their fathers, and permitted ships to land upon the island, and did not pray that God would send the mist to hide it; and more and more they held intercourse with ships of Britain and of Rome; and in the year 412 they had their presbyter converted into a bishop, and sent him unto the Ecumenical Council at Arlos; and he returned with a new system that prevailed throughout the Roman Empire; and they more and more abandoned the customs of their fathers; and more and more they conformed unto the imperial laws concerning war, slavery and private property-rights; and thaumaturgy failed from among them; and the church was received into Communion with the ecclesiastical system established by Constantine, and secularized through and through. Then the Kingdom of Heaven ceased everywhere on earth, and the last of the primitive churches forsook Christ, and conformed unto the world.

When shall His kingdom again come in very truth upon the Earth?

[THE END.]

A CHAIN OF SONGS.

This is the song of the bee :

"Open wide the sweet enclose
Of your bosom red to me ;
I would enter in, O rose,
I would come to dwell with thee,
All the sweets of wild-flowered field,
All the wealth the gardens yield,
All these shall the guerdon be
For thy love," sings the restless bee.

This is the song of the rose :

"You are nothing to me, O bee,
For at night there's a wind that blows ;
In the dark he kisses me,
And no flower the secret knows.
O wind, that wayward darts,
Take my hundred glowing hearts !
Thine are they, to wear or lose,
So thou love me," sings the rose.

This is the song of the wind :

"I love you not, wanton flower ;
If I kissed you, count it sport ;
There's a young tree near your bower,
And to her I pay my court.
Fold me, sweet, in your swaying arms ;
I will praise your maiden charms
East and west, if you are kind
To your lover," sighs the wind.

This is the song of the tree :

"Nought care I for wind that woos ;
There's a lark that flies and sings,
And him for my love I chose ;
Ah, fain would I clip his wings !
Draw near, love, and build thee a nest
Right here, love, upon my breast,
And safe shall thy dwelling be."
This is the song of the tree.

This is the song of the lark :

"O tree, I regard thee not ;
Higher, higher, I aspire
For I long to reach the spot
Where I see yon ball of fire,
Glowing, flashing, flaming, burning,
And my heart is madly yearning
Just to be a tiny spark
Of the great sun," sings the lark.

This is the song of the sun :

"O children, with hearts to break,
As ye lie on the world's broad breast,
I can see you quiver and ache,
With longing that's never at rest ;
Only love that burns upward is living,
Such love liveth on with the giving,
Though love in return n'er be won."
This is the song of the sun.

ANNETTE W. HOLT.

THE ÆSTHETICS OF MUSIC.

THE publication of Mr. Haweis's latest contribution to the æsthetics of music,* following closely as it does upon the critical discussion of Professor Ritter's last work on that subject,† may well suggest a reconsideration, in the light of modern experience, of one of De Quincey's literary verdicts. "With the exception," remarks the opium-eater, "of the fine extravaganzas on that subject in 'Twelfth Night,' I do not know of more than one thing said adequately on the subject of music in all literature ; it is a passage in the 'Religio Medici' of Sir T. Browne." Now, albeit Mr. Haweis has done as much as any living writer to popularize musical criticism, and Dr. Ritter has made several well-meaning attempts in the same direction, it would be paying the English divine and the Vassar professor a dubious compliment to suggest that either of them has as yet contributed to the literature of music a composition worthy to be classed in the same category with the two noble passages eulogized by the master of English style. But the frequency with which works professing to expound the mysteries of music are issued by our leading publishers, arguing the apparently inexhaustible popularity of the subject, is in itself a sign of a change in the attitude of public sentiment toward this matter—a change which is partly the cause and partly the effect of a movement which De Quincey would have

hailed with delight. It is this marked advance in the literary treatment of music, and not the universal demand for vocal or manipulative skill, which seems to be the most hopeful sign of the times in matters musical. In respect of the universally diffused interest in music which is generally regarded as a mark of progressive civilization, the Anglo-Saxon races seem to be fast overtaking their kinsfolk in Germany, where, even in the days of Madame de Staël, harpsichords were to be found in the meanest alehouses, public bands performed in every town on market days, and an organ was as necessary an adjunct to devotion as a pulpit. Yet, without being quite heterodox, we may fairly ask if the mania for piano-playing, which now rages in all grades of society and on both sides of the Atlantic, is strictly consistent with an æsthetic appreciation of the art. Mrs. Browning—in half jest, whole earnest—says of Aurora Leigh's education :

"She learnt much music—such as would have been
As quite impossible in Johnson's day
As still it might be wished—fine sleights of hand
And unimagined fingering, shuffling off
The hearer's soul through hurricanes of notes
To a noisy Tophet !"

De Quincey's remark regarding the paucity of worthy utterances about music was undoubtedly applicable to English literature at the period at which it was written. Æsthetics, if it could be said to be a science at all, was a science in its infancy, though more than a century

* My Musical Memoirs. By H. R. Haweis. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

† Music in England. By Dr. Frédéric Louis Ritter. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

had elapsed since Alexander Baumgarten claimed to have originated a philosophy of art, to which he gave that expressive name. The greatest minds of Germany had followed in his track—Kant, Schiller, Schelling, and above all Hegel, striving successively to grasp and define the vague imaginings and aspirations which cluster around the idea of beauty, and to formulate into a science the principles which should guide the artist in his search for the true amid the beautiful.

What metaphysics should be to physical science æsthetics is to the fine arts. "The science of beauty," it is often called—beauty, as the highest form of truth, being the key-note of the whole system; but it is better to abide by the etymological meaning of the word—*αἰσθησις*, perception—as if he only who sees this higher meaning in art sees to any purpose. The works of Hegel, and the charming treatise of M. Cousin, on "The True, the Beautiful, and the Good," are text-books in that branch of æsthetics which has to do with music. But we search in vain through the literature of England and of America, prior to the advent of Emerson and the Brownings, for anything like a suitable exposition of the higher questions involved in music; though one who has drunk deeply of the spirit of our latest and most representative poetry will not fail to recognize a perception of the inmost meaning of music in incidental allusions scattered through the works of earlier authors. In the "Mundane Monochord" of Robert Fludd—a voluminous author and musician forgotten now, but referred to by Hawkins and by Southey—we may recognize, indeed, a real attempt to pass beyond the technicalities of his art, and to grasp in a profound generalization the great truths of the sphere-harmonics which Pythagoras and Plato shadowed forth. His ears, like those of the great writers and thinkers of an after age, were unstoppered, that he might hear the reality of which this thing called music is only a sign. This whole universe, said he, is a musical instrument, out of which, from the very beginning, God has been extracting a magnificent harmony. Gloriously gross—is it not?—this picture of the great god Pan breathing through all the pipes of the world-instrument his own life transmuted into music. And what is this but the teaching, in a crude form, of "Paracelsus" and of the "Ode to Monadnock," which reveal to us the universe as at once musician and instrument, a living incarnation of highest thought?

But De Quincey's remark, though true at the time it was penned, is not applicable to the typical literature of the present day. Throughout the writings of Robert Browning, who most faithfully represents the distinctive spirit and genius of the time, we meet with noble analogies derived from the realm of music. As he himself tells us,

"God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians know."

And, acting on this belief, he does not scruple to lay under contribution the whole resources of music, and to enrich his writings by illustrations borrowed from his own scholarly acquaintance with the musical art. How much the poetry of the present day owes to the fact that its greatest professor is an enthusiastic and accomplished musician, posterity will be better able to judge than is contemporary criticism, which, amid the whirl and bustle of other occupations, has little time to listen for "the ring of the eternal chimes."

Mrs. Browning, it must be said, has grasped the same

leading thought regarding the poetic value of music. Her utterances are more melodious in expression than his, though less definitely and consciously Platonic. So amply has she interwoven with the warp of her poetry the woof of musical harmony, that it is hardly possible to read two consecutive pages of her writings without being struck with some allusion to the æsthetic aspects of music. Many of her smaller pieces—the sonnet, for instance, beginning "My poet," addressed to her husband, the companion poems, "Perplexed Music" and "The Soul's Expression"—are little else than exquisite symphonies, and affect one like the mystic sublimity of Beethoven, or the inexplicable grandeur of Bach. And what is George Eliot's greatest effort, "The Legend of Jubal," but a glorification of the art of music, and a noble use of its power? From the torrid zone of Popery, John Henry Newman is eloquent in praise of music, assuring us that its utterances "have escaped from some higher sphere; they are echoes from our home; they are the voice of angels, or the magnificat of saints, or the living laws of Divine governance, or the Divine attributes; something are they besides themselves which we cannot compass, we cannot utter;" while from the *Ultima Thule* of American free-thought, Emerson tells us of "the cadence of the whirling worlds," and of the music which mixes with all our thoughts. Music has inspired the gorgeous imagery of De Quincey's "Dream Fugues," and has melted into a more pitiful tenderness the rugged Chelsea sage. In one of his inspired moments Carlyle wrote: "Musical: how much lies in that! A musical thought is one spoken by a mind that has penetrated into the inmost heart of the thing; the inmost mystery of it, namely, the melody that lies hidden in it; the inward harmony of coherence which is its soul, whereby it exists, and has a right to be, here in this world."

It is by such examples of the extent to which our representative minds have been influenced by music, and the eloquent homage they have rendered to it, rather than by the writing of professional art critics, that we gauge the progress of musical æsthetics. Few American or English authors have as yet emulated the achievements in pure æsthetics of the great Germans whom we have named; but much may be learned concerning the diviner aspects of music from the incidental allusions and more studied analogies which occur in the pages of our best writers. If the writing of musical specialists be, as it too often is, dull or fanciful, or even ungenerous in tone, sordid in spirit, and crabbed in style, it is because they have failed to recognise the æsthetic bond which unites music to its sister-arts, and have given the rein to professional jealousies and whims. The regeneration of musical criticism must be sought in a more plentiful baptism into the literary spirit, and a heartier recognition of the fact that it is by stimulating the mind to an abnormal kind and degree of activity, and not by pleasing the senses, that music achieves its noblest triumphs. It is scarcely to be desired that every aspirant to æsthetic culture should be able to speak learnedly of solmization and syncopation, of harmonics and diatonics, of dominants and subdominants; and it is well that in these noisy days there be some to listen as well as some to play. But no lover of the English language, with its full-voiced harmony, no reader of our higher literature of poetry and art, no student of national life and character whether in the Old World or the New, can afford to miss the light cast upon one and all of these by the divine creations of the mighty masters of music.

A. CLARKE HOUTON.

AGNES AND I.

BY GRETN LINTON.

I WAS the happiest man in the city as I folded and laid away in my pocket-book a letter from the dearest girl in the world, and jumped on the horse-car, *en route* for my office!

Some months had passed since I saw my Agnes, for the first time, at a dinner at the Peytons. I had frequently met Miss Georgie Peyton in society, and had been several times invited to her receptions, so I was not surprised to receive one day an invitation to dine with her "informally," to meet a young lady from Aiken, S. C. Of course I presented myself at this informal dinner in full evening dress, where I met some other gentlemen in similar attire—Clarkson was one of them—and a few young ladies, and was introduced to my Agnes. If I could only make you see her as she appeared to me that night—so fresh and blooming; the blue of her clear, peaceful eyes; the delicious curve of the delicate lips! But enough that then and there I yielded, and became her ardent adorer.

From the first she distinguished me with her favor. I was her escort to concert and opera. I was allowed to claim the best dances; they were always *my* flowers that she carried, and, finally, before she returned to Aiken, I was her accepted lover!

The year had flown swiftly, and now a brilliant prospect seemed to open before me. My firm were about to establish a branch department in another part of the city, and proposed to make one of their clerks a junior partner, and manager of the new concern. I had been the longest in their employ, and had reason to think I was regarded with favor by "Old Gruff"—as Mr. Gruffland, the senior partner, was called—and he would be the one to make the promotion, and settle the question of salary.

Indeed, for some weeks I had seen that he was working the management into my hands, so I felt justified in writing to Agnes, urging our immediate union. The dear girl consented, and in the letter received that morning she told me she was coming again, to make a long visit at the Peytons, to "do some shopping." Entrancing words! What did they *not* imply? And that "if all went well"—if I got the position, of course—"we might be married before *very* long!" I was the happiest man in the world, as I folded the dear little letter away, resolving, if it was in the power of man to earn promotion, I would make myself indispensable to my employers.

Well, she came. There was a demure but delightful meeting at the station, and an enchanting twenty minutes, until I delivered her to Miss Georgie's arms at the Peytons' door.

Then followed days of devotion to work, followed by evenings of unalloyed bliss. I say "unalloyed," but there was *one* drawback. The Peyton family were very considerate, Miss Georgie especially so, but my darling Agnes was haunted with the fear that they would think her visit to them was only to enjoy my society, and was constantly suggesting that we should "join the family in the sitting-room." Old Mrs. Peyton was a bore, but a mild one—*paterfamilias* an unmitigated one; Miss Georgie's was benignant, but slightly tiresome. There was only one other member of the family, a pretty little fellow named Ralph, but the girls had taken to calling him "Raphael," from some fancied resemblance to one

of the Sistine cherubs. He seemed a quiet little chap, with a sweet innocence of expression and demeanor, who posed a good deal of the time with his cheek on his hand after the manner of the cherub aforesaid. He was devoted to Agnes, and hung round her more than was pleasant, for which I occasionally snubbed him rather severely, but she always interceded for him. "He was such a little fellow—and then he was so lovely! was he not one's ideal of a boy?"

Agnes had been in the city a few weeks when, one morning, the telephone bell in our office rang sharply. This was of frequent occurrence, and Clarkson's desk was stationed near it to save time in answering the call. The rest of us scarcely looked up as the familiar "Hullo!" was shouted, or the concluding: "All right! I'll tell Mr. Gruffland. Good-by!" But this morning Clarkson turned to me with: "This is for you, Dixon!" Accordingly I shouted "Hullo!" and in return heard Miss Georgie's voice:

"Is that you, Mr. Dixon? Agnes is here, and wants to try to speak to you."

Then I heard her giving directions. "Stand a little nearer; press this close to your ear—so."

"Good morning," I called.

In return I heard a giggle, and my Agnes' voice exclaiming: "Oh, oh! It tickles my ear!" Then more directions from Miss Peyton, and at last the sweetest voice in the world began in as nearly as might be a stenorian roar:

"Is that really you, Harry? Isn't this perfectly sweet? Are you sure they can't hear in the office, Georgie?"

"Well," from Georgie, "I should say they certainly could, if you shout like that."

"Harry," in a half whisper, "if you are sure it's really you, and that no one else can hear, I want to tell you something. Do you remember that queer Miss Blake in Aiken? Do you hear me, Harry?"

"Yes," I returned.

Then another little giggle. "Isn't it too funny? Do you know, Harry, now that I see how to use it, I'm going to talk to you ever so often. Won't it be fun? But where was I? Dear me, how stupid! Oh, I know, Miss Blake. Well she has just sent me the loveliest —"

Here Clarkson muttered, "Old Gruff's coming," and knowing that he would ask an explanation of my receiving the telephone messages, I was obliged to abruptly interrupt: "I must go now"—I had almost said "my darling." "Tell me the rest this evening."

"But, Harry!" I heard in a grieved little voice; but Mr. Gruffland's footsteps were too near, and I hung up the receiver upside down, and hurried back to my desk.

All day I worked in nervous desperation. Would she try to resume the conversation? Every time the bell rang I glanced at Clarkson. The thought that it might be her voice whispering in his great red ear covered me with cold perspiration. The fear that in Mr. Gruffland's hearing I might be called upon to answer some of her chatter was still worse. I made up my mind that I must make Agnes understand that very night that she could not amuse herself in that way, and I did so, gently but resolutely. I described

Clarkson's ear, and I took some liberties with it. It would be just like the wretch to receive all her little confidences, and retail them for the amusement of the clerks.

Old Gruff was an ogre, capable of dismissing me without warning, if I did not attend every minute to my business. Our hopes of happiness depended upon his good pleasure. Miss Peyton was cool and dignified. I suppose she knew I was exaggerating. Agnes looked hurt. Her sweet lips trembled a little, and her eyes were suspiciously dim. I longed to have her alone for a little while to comfort her, as I knew I could; but there was no chance, for though Miss Georgie relented sufficiently to go upstairs to write an "important letter," Raphael was there, resting his elbow on the table, and looking up at Agnes with an expression of deep pity in his beautiful but sleepy dark eyes.

And yet, the next day the same thing occurred. Mr. Gruffland was there, and looked up from his papers with a glance of disapproval as I took Clarkson's place at the telephone. My "Hullo" was rather savage.

"Oh, Harry! Do forgive me! Indeed, indeed I felt so sorry last night, and wanted to tell you so; but, you see, Ralph was there. I'm all alone now. Oh, Harry, won't you forgive me?"

"Of course," I returned, feeling Gruff's eyes burning unpleasantly on the nape of my neck.

"Oh, Harry dear, don't talk like that to me. Do say you love me?"

Was there ever such a child? I felt like a cold-blooded wretch, as I hurriedly replied:

"All right. I'll come up as soon as I can. Very busy now. Good-by!"

I felt, rather than heard, a little sob at the other end of the wire. Gruff said nothing, but I was doomed to another miserable day. I managed to ask Clarkson, if I was called again, to say I could not attend, and five times I heard him give this message, and each time he turned away with a mighty grin. What might not Agnes have said to him?

Of course, I hurried to the Peytons, determined to see her alone. She came running into the hall to meet me, bright and loving, but the annoyances of the day had made me cross, and I said curtly:

"Really, Agnes, it is very strange you don't understand that a man cannot take his business hours to talk with his friends. After all I said last night, I must say I was surprised to be called up again to-day!"

Agnes stopped abruptly, and said, with dignity:

"I do not understand you!"

"Why, my dear little girl," I said, sobered by the change in her manner, "I do not mean to be cross, but how could I talk to you about my affection or forgiveness through the telephone, with all those fellows listening, to say nothing of old Gruff?"

"But I have not touched the telephone to-day, Harry!"

"What!" I exclaimed.

"Georgie!" called Agnes, stepping back to the sitting-room, and I followed to tell the story.

"It is very strange," said Miss Peyton; "but, of course, it is some mistake. The lines are out of order, or crossed in some way. But mamma and Agnes and I have been out shopping all day, and we lunched downtown, so we can prove an *alibi*."

It certainly was very strange, but we all concluded that it might be as Miss Georgie suggested, and the pater at once began to spin long yarns about queer messages, till at last I coaxed Agnes into the conservatory

alone, and the close of the evening was all the brighter for the shadow with which it began. The dear girl sympathized with me, and forgave my impatience, and was so sweet, that before I knew, I found myself telling her the one event of my life I had determined to keep secret—the little entanglement I once had with Lucretia Chase. Of course she had been the most to blame, and Agnes thought her very horrid and forward, so I had to admit that Cretia had misunderstood some things I had said to her when a mere boy, and then Agnes asked me if I really, really loved her best. Ah me! what a happy evening it was!

Again the next day the telephone annoyances began, but I felt sure of my ground, and told Clarkson he could refuse to listen. Imagine my surprise when he turned to me with a clever imitation of Agnes' voice, saying:

"She is quite sure Harry will come when he knows she wants to talk to him about 'Cretia.'"

I was thunder-struck! Lucretia Chase lived in Vermont; I was morally sure no one in the city knew of her existence—no one but Agnes! I rushed to the instrument. It was the same clear girl's voice. How could any one have known that Cretia possessed some idiotic lines I had once written her—any one but Agnes? Yet now I heard them repeated:

"Oh, Cretia! fairest valentine!
Wilt thou accept this hand of mine?
A smaller gift my soul forbids;
But *ten's* the number of my kids!"

I jerked away in anger and surprise, only to meet old Gruff's grim glance.

"If this thing goes on, Mr. Dixon, it might be well for you and Mr. Clarkson to change desks!"

I knew what that implied, and my heart sank to my boots.

"I do not understand it myself," I replied. "I assure you, sir, that I am exceedingly annoyed. I will not answer it again."

"I will myself, sir," he growled, and I went back to my desk to upset my ink-bottle, to make mistakes in my accounts, and torture myself with the conviction that since no one but Agnes *could* have sent the message, she was teasing me without realizing the fatal consequences to our happiness. And all day Mr. Gruffland would answer that confounded telephone. That some of the messages were meant for me I could tell, and that they must be utter nonsense I could conjecture from his occasional comments: 'By jimminy Johnson!' is a remarkable expression for a young lady, Mr. Dixon."

It would be too long to tell the story of these days in detail. Sometimes there would be respite, and then the nonsense would begin again. It was larks for Clarkson and the rest, but to me it seemed as if the bell of the telephone was ringing the knell of all my bright hopes. Agnes assured me of her innocence, and Miss Peyton was ready with explanations; they had been shopping, or calling, or practicing duets. But I could see that a coolness had come between Agnes and me. She feared that I doubted her, and I—what could I think? Again and again the messages referred to what I had said to her when quite alone. Could she have repeated my confidences?

At the office preparations for the new business were being hurried on, and not one word had been said to me of promotion. To crown all, Agnes informed me one evening that she was going to shorten her visit; she had heard of friends going directly to Aiken, and thought it best to secure their escort. I passed a wretched evening, but left, determined to make a

desperate effort to clear the mystery. Agnes had told me that they were all to be out the next day, so I begged off at the office, reached the house at ten, and persuading the servant that I wanted to rest, and would let myself out when I was ready, I managed to conceal myself in a closet in the hall, where I waited four mortal hours. At last I was rewarded. A light step came through the hall, a chair was drawn to the telephone, and a clear voice, wonderfully like Agnes', called:

"Please connect with Gruffland & Co.!"

Waiting only long enough to let him actually begin conversation in his usual style, I rushed out, and catching the culprit by the arm bestowed a resounding box

upon the ear of the astonished Mr. Raphael. The little imp! This was his revenge for his well-deserved snubs. I have no doubt he had heard every word of my conversations with Agnes.

Of course the Peytons were distressed and apologetic, and Agnes was persuaded not to hurry away, and old Gruff relented and I got the promotion in due time, but I never could endure the sight of that cherubic boy. I verily believe that the box I bestowed upon him was his only punishment, and I rejoice to think that it was such a stinger!

If this story has a moral, it is a short one. The more innocent and guileless a boy looks, the less is he to be trusted.

POETRY IN PROSE—A HONEYMOON DINNER.

BY ROSE FORTER.

CHAPTER V.

OF course, in giving a description of our table-talk I only purpose to supply an index, not at all a thing of detail.

Please remember, too, it was not so much the actual substances typified by beef and mutton, fish and fowl, or bread and butter, that we sought to discern as that which is by association closely linked with them, and which, when traced out, garnishes every eatable with a poem-like, though by prose-expressed, interest.

Norman set the ball of conversation rolling, for, as with his genial manner of hospitality he began dispensing the bounties of our board, he said:

"My wife's menu shares in the good qualities of a myth, at least if it be true, as Ruskin says, 'that a myth in its simplest definition is a story with a meaning attached to it other than it seems to have at first'; for she maintains"—and merrily Norman smiled as he glanced toward me—"that every article that is to grace our table has a story as entertaining and suggestive as that which hovers over the memory of Horace's favorite dish of beans."

But Norman added: "Since a myth or a poem cannot be without something to make it of—never a smoke without fire, you know—to you, Mrs. Page, we turn to direct us in finding the poetry associated with the food we classify as belonging to the wonders of the deep, and which is typified by our simple course of fish."

Mary, calm, tranquil Mary Page, actually blushed a faint rosy blush as we all looked toward her.

Well, it was no slight ordeal; for, think, there were eleven pair of eyes engaged in that look—twice eleven, twenty-two—blue, gray and hazel eyes, men's eyes and women's eyes, each with a question in their gaze!

Yet spite of all, Mary straightway entered upon her topic, appealing, as every wife should, to her husband to amplify her statements by fact and statistic.

And verily, for a busy man—I think I mentioned he is a physician in active practice—for a recent graduate, Doctor Page proved that he had thoroughly 'read up' the subject of fisheries and fish—almost too thoroughly some of us thought, for he descanted not only on cod, but on the finny tribe down to smelt, as well as of oysters and oyster-beds, scallops and clams, and the tribe of shell-fish including lobsters, crabs, and even their tiny cousins-german, the shrimp family. He had comprised, too, in his search for information the outer edge

of aquatic food—turtles, and alas! to our dismay, frogs! But if her husband was somewhat realistic and statistical, not so Mary, for beginning with the stories of olden times, rich with their gleams of superstition and romance, when fish were in many cases looked upon with reverence by the people, she led us on down to the present, and with words beautiful as a song, vivid as a picture, graphic as reality, she described the brave toilers who "go a-fishing" mid perils of the deep and dangers of the coast, or on peaceful river waters patiently float from morn till noon, while slowly, slowly, they gather in their harvest from the finny tribes that play amid the laughing wavelets till caught in the meshes of the captor's net.

Mary pictured, too, the haunts of fishers with rod and fly, among hillside brooklets and mountain streams—pictured them so vividly, we seemed almost to feel the breezy freshness of the mountain wind, almost to breathe the sweet resinous odor of pine and spruce.

But it was only briefly she told of the seekers of fresh water finsters, for greater interest she found in following in fancy those searchers for food for us land-dwellers who seek the sea—"the wild, gray sea, sad and lonely, lovely and terrible, changeful and passionate," and yet beautiful withal as life.

She so made us feel the earnestness of what it cost—I do not mean in gold and silver value, but in life and peril, love and anxiety, to supply us with what we are wont to lightly term ordinary luxuries.

I think every one of us felt then, and always will feel, a warm sympathy for the brave fisher-lads who, as she said, toil

"Ever in danger of the secret stab
Of rocks, far deadlier than the dagger; winds,
Of breath more murderous than the cannon's; waves,
Mighty to rock to death."

Such woful words!—and yet I am ashamed to confess, I almost hate their heart-rending pathos, because of the miserable, paltry fear that crept into my housewife's soul, lest their sadness should cause my guests to lose all appetite for the dinner.

But I need not have been thus troubled; I might have indulged in any amount of sentiment, for I was safe with Norman for master of ceremonies—Norman, who is so quick to feel when a shadow falls a bit too heavily over other hearts than his own and his little wife's.

He allowed only the briefest pause after Mary ceased speaking before saying :

"If poetic quotations be admissible, catch the happy picture held in these lines from Miss Phelps' 'Saturday Night in the Harbor':

"Boats bound in across the bar,
Seen in fair colors from afar.

Quiver like a happy sigh,
As ships and shadows drifting by
Glide o'er the harbor's peaceful face,
Each to its Sabbath resting place."

And Norman did not continue the question, but a cloudlet might fall from the sequel thought.

Then Jack Linn, to dispel all seriousness, in his inimitable way, insisted on giving us the following receipt for clam soup (which by-the-way is excellent) refusing to omit one word of it.

"CLAM SOUP."

"First catch your clams—along the ebbing edges
Of saline coves you'll find their precious wedges
With backs up turning in the sandy bottom;
Pull in your iron rake, and lo! you've got 'em.
Take thirty large ones, put a basin under,
And cleave with knife their strong jaws asunder,
Add water (three quarts) to the native liquor,
Bring to a boil (and by-the-way, the quicker
It boils the better, if you do it cutely),
Now add the clams, chopped up and minced minutely.
Allow a longer boil of just three minutes,
And while it bubbles quickly stir within its
Tumultuous depths, where still the mollusks mutter,
Four tablespoons of flour and four of butter,
A pint of milk, some pepper to your notion,
And clams need salting, although born of ocean.
Remove from fire (if much boiled they will suffer—
You'll find that India rubber isn't tougher);
After 'tis off add three fresh eggs, well beaten,
Stir once more, and it is ready to be eaten.
Fruit of the wave! O, delicious and delicious!
Food for the gods! Ambrosia for Apicius!
Worthy to thrill the soul of sea-born Venus,
Or titillate the palate of Silenus!"

After Jack's recitation Mary and Doctor Page continued to take the lead in the conversation, while we each contributed our mites toward the myths, fancies, or whatever you may call them, that make the romance of life beneath the waters.

Doctor Page, though prosaic in some of his details, gave a pretty fantastic account of the coquettish ways of shell-fish; he made them almost akin to certain flowers in delicacy of organization; even the dull oyster, he said, closes its shell when the shadow of a boat passes over it.

Is it from the same instinct that causes the mimosa to close its leaves at the approach of a passer, I wonder?

Mary told us, too, that the oyster's age is indicated by marks on their shells, just as the age of certain trees is guessed at from their growth-rings; and then she made a word-picture for us, all aglow with rainbow tints, as she described the pearl and opal of the shimmering sides of the finsters, whose haunts are the sea-green caves of ocean, where they rank as serfs to Neptune, perchance!

This led Mr. Granger to give a most graphic account of the coloring of fish.

He said: "About Madeira, the sea, when over ten fathoms, is like molten turquoise, beautiful beyond description, and the fish swimming in it seem to be of transparent blue."

"The color of the water in the tropics seems 'always to be shared, too,' he told us, by the fish of these regions—the blue-fish being quite different from the fish of that name on the New England coast, looking as if carved out of ultramarine, touched with burnt sienna in parts, and the mouth fringed with carnation-tinted coral, while the parrot-fish is of a scarlet as vivid as that of the birds in the forests of the neighboring shores; the mullet a brilliant brown and gold. While in northern waters we have the cod, clad in Quaker-gray, and the haddock, which still bears, according to tradition, on its head the mark of St. Peter's holy thumb, when he squeezed a piece of silver out of its mouth, wears a livery the color of the roaring surges which overwhelm our fishermen on the George's and the Grand Banks."

Doctor Page, who, during all the fish-talk, resembled a speaking encyclopedia, with other information gathered out of long bygone centuries, told of the epicures of Rome, and their high appreciation of the English oyster, and of its leading to the formation of artificial oyster-beds, soon after the Roman conquest of the island.

He gave a lively account, too, of the Roman gourmand's fondness for fish, and of the care those old-time dinner-givers took to have it fresh, which, according to Petronius, led them to present it alive to their guests before it was consigned to the cook, introducing it thus, as Pliny tells, to the dining-board by means of a small canal under the table. Another reason for this custom arose from the old Romans' delight in color, and they thus had the enjoyment of watching the change, and flash of rainbow hues, which took place just before dissolution, as well as the after-pleasure of tasting the fish.

While at my end of the table we had wandered into the society of the early Romans, Norman and Doctor Harper, abetted by Mary Page, were diving into the science of ichthyology, quoting vigorously from volume after volume on natural history, while Annie Beach contributed bits of wisdom culled from Isaak Walton.

When I paused to listen, she was repeating the quaint reflection: "Let not the blessings we daily receive from God make us not to value or not praise Him; because they are common, most men forget to pay them praise. But let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made the sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing!"

As she ceased speaking, I attracted Norman's attention, and he at once divined that my grave shake of the head meant that we were becoming too much absorbed in our topic, whereupon he made a sign to "our Bridget," and fisheries and fish gave place to venison and meats.

CHAPTER VI.

It proved as I had surmised; we each one revealed unconsciously our own individuality. By the introduction we gave our topic course.

Kate Granger is cultivated and intelligent, but she is utterly lacking in the charm of originality. She does not even possess the faculty of taking an idea, and so crystalizing it in her own mind that, when reproduced, it comes forth robed in a fresh garb, that is almost like newness of thought, and she introduced her subject by a medley of quotations—pertinent and interesting—only lacking the vitality of contact with ideas of her

own, they seemed something like a handful of matches, waiting to be touched into sparks of flame.

But in a company like ours it did not take long for them to be all aglow with meaning, and after Kate's prim announcement that the only poet that was the son of a butcher was Akenside, who wrote "The Pleasures of Imagination," conversation became brisk enough.

Jack Linn straightway responded by inquiring: "Do you deduce from that fact, Mrs. Granger, that poetry is allied to butchery?"

While Mr. Beach, as though to prevent any discussion of so subtle a question, merrily interposed by giving a paraphrase of Keats' toast at Wordsworth's dinner-party.

You know the toast, "Confusion to the memory of Newton. Why? Because he destroyed the poetry of the rainbow by reducing it to a prism."

Mr. Beach rendered it, "Confusion to the question of Linn. Why? Because he would slaughter the poetry of the imagination by reducing it to a butcher's stall."

It was Grace Harper's fancy that then took up the subject, and led us into the very atmosphere of summer's tranquil beauty, and we seemed verily to wander amid grassy meadows and flowery meads, where lambs after the exact model of "Mary's own, whose fleece was white as snow," and sober sheep, with the inevitable black one that, according to tradition, is in every fold, fed and fattened on clover and new-mown hay.

Then Lucy Linn chimed in with picture words that portrayed the gamboling meek-eyed, but frisky calves, and the grave, horned cattle, that browsed from morn till night under the shade of wide-branching elm or stately oak.

The patient cattle! that seem so content to live their short lives that they may supply nourishment, strength and refreshment to us hungry men and women.

Thinking of their mute sacrificial lives, who can wonder that rugged old Luther believed in a paradise for animals, and that one day, when he saw the cattle in the field going to pasture, he said, "There go our preachers, the carriers of our milk, butter, cheese and wool, who daily preach to us faith in God, that we should trust Him as our Father, that He will care for us and feed us."

Who can wonder that ancient bard and modern singer have garlanded with flowers of song the heifer—"soft-eyed thing of even color, without a dapple or speck"—have chanted the praises of the oxen, that on Christmas Eve, according to tradition, talk in the stables and have sung of

"The reign of rest, and affection and stillness,
When day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight
descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky and the herds to the
homestead."

When the

"Lowling of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-
yard,
Echoed back by the barns."

I forget who repeated these lines, but I remember they launched us into a full tide of quotations, classical and modern, and that ranged from Homer to Charles Lamb's essays, and Leigh Hunt's "Seer," and I assure you we did high honor to beef and mutton, veal and lamb, finding a compliment too for pork, that was not only derived from the crackle and the crisp of the famous roast pig, and the fact that Herriek made a pet of a little pig, suffering it to drink out of his cup, but

that proceeded from the heart of a true-born Jew, for Norman told an amusing story with the merit of truth. Years and years ago, he said, his grandmother (who was an English lass when she married Norman's sturdy Scotch grandfather) visited frequently in the home of one of the Rothschilds, and one dark December day, just before the lamps were lighted, as the family were grouped about the library fire, a shrill, piping child's voice echoed through the lofty room, repeating words abhorrent to Jewish ears:

"I love ham—I love pork—I love pig."

As one and another of the company looked at each other in consternation, the small culprit feigning sleep as he nestled his curly head on the sofa cushion, repeating in lower cadence the obnoxious words:

"I love pig—I love ham—I love pork."

The sequel of the story Norman omitted, leaving us to imagine what law of Moses was enforced as penalty. But this much he did vouchsafe to tell, that his grandmother had said, not long after in that stately home there was heard a sound of "weeping and wailing."

While, as Mr. Beech remarked, he supposed the swine element which, according to Swedenborg, is in all of us, was being exorcised.

At length I ventured to plead that our haunch of venison be no longer neglected in the conversation.

Ah! what a savory morsel it had proved to those six hungry young husbands! Jack Linn immediately responded to my suggestion by "a variation" from Goldsmith's "Haunch of Venison."

"Thanks, my lord and lady, for your venison! for finer or fatter
Ne'er ranged in a forest, or smoked in a platter.
The haunch is a picture for painters to study,
The fat is so white, and the lean is so ruddy;
Though my stomach is sharp, I can scarce help regretting
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating."

After that "the husbands" vied with each other in recounting tales of prowess and valor when they had

"Hunted God's cattle upon God's ain hills."

Where

"The merry brown hares came leaping
Over the crest of the hill,
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping
Under the moonlight still."

There seemed no end to those stories of sports and pastimes, and they were so interwoven with forest, mountain and waterscape beauty, the very flavor of the sportsman's booty seemed pervaded with the essence of poetry, for is not that essence the atmosphere of beauty? Doctor Harper told of a day when

"All dim in haze the mountains lay,
With dimmer vales between,
And rivers glimmered on their way,
By forests faintly seen."

And now with the beauty of nature singing its song doing its work in his heart, he had walked through bog and stream, toiled up rocky slopes with never a thought of weariness, seeking the hunter's reward.

Then followed the tale of exultant return, with a monarch of the hills, a splendid stag, as trophy. Doctor Harper's words inspired my Norman, who straightway caught them up as an eolian harp catches the ripple of a breeze, and he gave us a descriptive prose poem, set to the melody of the hunter's music, which is rippling brooklets, sighing winds, rifle's crack, and bay of hound answering the shrill note of huntsman's whistle.

Norman's narrative carried us far away from the well-known Adirondack region quite into the heart of the

Scotch highlands, and so real was it all to him he actually almost made us feel the gray mist, almost see the great slope of the mountain retreating into heavy masses of clouds that were the crown of the gray day of which he told when the wonderful browns and greens of the hill-sides were dark and mysterious in the deep intensity of color, when the only sound was the murmuring of brook and stream hurrying down through ravine and gorge to—where?

And then just as we every one thrilled with the sense of vast loneliness—nature's loneliness that Norman made so vivid—across his story a phantom flitted in magic realness—"Strange objects appeared in the gray mist, a herd of red deer. First came the hinds, running almost in Indian file; then with longer strides came one or two stags, their antlered heads high in the air as though they were listening for sound far behind them and sniffing the air in front of them at the same time; they passed as swiftly speeding ghosts through the rain, no sound heard at all; and then, all in a moment, the mist was gone, the rain over—behold! a blaze of hot sun on the moist moors, with a sudden odor of bracken and young heather and sweet gale."

This was the picture of Norman's story, and the poetry of it too.

His cheek flushed, while a Highlander's pride thrilled in his voice, and flashed from his eye as he told it.

I think all of our company (including Mr. Granger, whom I must say is the hungriest man I ever met) had forgotten dinner, for no one frowned or looked dismayed at the want of decorum, when Jack Linn merrily started Walter Scott's Hunter's song:

"Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling;
Merrily, merrily, mingle they—
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

"Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming;
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant one lay—
'Waken lords and ladies gay.'

"Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green-wood haste away;
We can show you where he hies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
You shall see him brought to bay—
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

"Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay.
Tell them youth and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman, who can balk,
Staunch as hound and fleet as hawk;
Think of this and rise with day—
Gentle lords and ladies gay."

After the first verse, Norman joined in too, with his deep base voice, while we one and all, with right good will, echoed the chorus

"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Of course we set at defiance every rule of dinner-table manners, and as my gaze fell on the countenance of Bridget, dazed with amazement, I trembled for the safety of my china, while I gave thanks in my heart that I had not borrowed my mother's punctilious Henrique.

I actually felt a nervous shiver, at the mere thought of his indignation at the lack of etiquette that had taken place at his mistress's daughter's table. And yet—why is a song for cheer objectionable between courses? and waving all common utility, there is something in knowing, and following the track of hunter and deer-stalker—something in letting fancy dwell awhile amid the green meadows, harvest fields, and clover mows, for it gives a wonderful flavor to the viands whose life-time haunts are among such appetizing scenes.

Something, too, that elevates the thoughts from the mere routine of eating and drinking, and discussing digestible or indigestible fat or lean. For while, as Sir Humphrey Davy says, "there is no absolute utility in poetry, yet it gives pleasure, and refines, and exalts the soul."

I know when Norman reads that he will say, "So little Mrs. Rachel, you thought to cover up our indecorum by a lofty sentence bearing the stamp of Sir Humphry Davy's name."

Well—and what if I did?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SONG.

Oh, my love, when you're away,
Is it true the planets shine?
Does the blue, inspired day,
Dawn upon this life of mine?

It may be. But when the light
Of your presence shines afar,
It's as though my day were night,
Without gilding moon or star.

Does the spring, with footsteps slow,
Loiter through the lonely sphere,
Bring the bloodroot, white as snow,
Plant the wind-flower far and near?

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

MIGMA.

THE dispatch given below, sent by telegraph to the *Tribune* from Washington, is worthy of consideration quite as much from the place in which it is found as from its purport. In perusing it one should keep in mind very carefully the fact that the *Tribune* is the most prominent of all the journals which have in charge the interest of Mr. Blaine as a Presidential candidate, and has conducted the canvassing in his behalf with unapproachable skill. Not only has it exerted its remarkable power to familiarize its army of readers with the merits of its favorite, but this has been done without any assault upon any other candidate, and with a careful avoidance of all that direct discussion of the merits of individuals which has constituted so reprehensible a feature in the ordinary "booming" of favorites for the nomination. The principal feature of the method which has been adopted by the *Tribune* has been to publish all reports of meetings, canvasses, letters, etc., favorable to its candidate, in large type and in prominent positions in its columns, while those facts not so distinctly favorable to his cause have been, not entirely withheld or excluded, but placed in positions of much less prominence, so that the reader who sees only the pages of the *Tribune* is unconsciously impressed with the idea that about the only man filling any considerable space in the nation's eye, or making any reasonable noise in the public ear at the present time is the man from Maine. Up to the present time the *Tribune* has very carefully avoided any special reference to Mr. Lincoln as a Presidential candidate, but nine out of every ten of the preferences reported in its columns have specified his name as the favorite for the Vice-Presidency. This unanimity has evidently been found somewhat hurtful to the prospects of Mr. Blaine, so that it has been found necessary to take some step to remove from the public mind the idea of his peculiar availability, lest the second name should overshadow the first. This, we take it, was evidently the purpose of the dispatch given below:

"Secretary Lincoln is represented as being much annoyed by efforts on the part of indiscreet, though well meaning friends who persist in pushing his name to the front as one of the candidates to be presented to the Chicago Convention. His most intimate friends assert that he does not wish a nomination, certainly not that to the Vice-Presidency. He is too modest, they say, to think that he would be selected to head the ticket, and anything less would most certainly affect his future prospects. Said one of his friends, a prominent member of the Illinois delegation in Congress, and one who knows whereof he speaks: 'Lincoln does not want to be nominated for the Vice-Presidency. He is not making any effort to secure the nomination. No one recognizes the fact better than he does, that to be given the second place on the ticket would shut him off from any future political preferment at the hands of the people. It would be said that he had been sufficiently rewarded and that an adequate tribute had been paid to the memory of the father by thus honoring the son. Lincoln, I think—in fact I know it—is ambitious. His short term of official life has awakened in him a desire to distinguish himself as a public man. In this there is nothing dishonorable; on the contrary, such ambition only redounds to his credit. I should think he would resent any attempt to "let him down easy" by a tender of the Vice-Presidential nomination. He knows perfectly well the value of his name, the prestige which attaches to

it, and he is not going to sell his birth-right for a mess of pottage. He would be a fool if he did. Being young he can afford to wait some years, and there is no danger that the charm of his father's name will have worn off by that time.'

"Others who persist in regarding Mr. Logan's 'boom' as still possessing the formidable proportions it did a month ago, urge Lincoln's name for the purpose of injuring Logan. This selfish service of friendship they perform, it is whispered about, at the instigation of President Arthur's friends, though no one pretends to say that the President himself would stoop to intrigue against a member of his own cabinet. The President, ever since General Grant pronounced himself openly in favor of Logan, is said to appreciate the strength of his rival at its full value, which before that time he was rather inclined to underrate. Mr. Lincoln's position between these cross fires of ambitious candidates is a peculiar one. He wishes, and undoubtedly endeavors to the best of his ability, to be loyal to his chief. He does not want to offend a potent factor in the politics of his state, who may in the future render valuable service to him. As regards his own candidacy, which is being urged by friends not always discreet in their methods, it is out of his power either to stop their work or to decline a nomination before it is offered."

There has been nothing neater in journalism or politics in a long time than the above. As a bit of keen diplomacy, this dispatch is fully equal to any that proceeded from the State Department during Mr. Blaine's administration. There is something almost pathetic in the tender consideration manifested for Mr. Lincoln's personal feelings. He is "annoyed," "his friends are indiscreet though well meaning," he is "too modest" for the "head of the ticket," "anything less would affect his future prospects," he "wishes to be loyal to his chief," "no one pretends that the President would stoop to intrigue against a member of his cabinet," and "there is nothing dishonorable" in Mr. Lincoln's ambition. The simple fact is that he is oppressed with a desire to "wait." This is not his day nor his time, if the dispatch is taken as reflecting his opinions, but he hopes for a day, and is waiting for an opportunity. One who should read the dispatch in a critical spirit would almost be of the opinion that the writer desired nothing so much in the world as to bring about a quarrel between Mr. Lincoln and President Arthur. We do not know anything in the world about Mr. Lincoln's wishes in regard to the subject, or whether he is too modest to think the head of the ticket is too big for him to carry, nor whether he thinks he needs another quadrienniate of growth, or anything of the kind; but this we do know, that he is the strongest candidate the Republican party can name; that he will get more votes and lose fewer among the people, and that every element of his character gives assurance that he would make a safe, capable, and sagacious President. This being the case, his personal feelings are not of the utmost consequence in the matter. It is to be presumed that he is not devoid of manly ambition, and that the son of so grand a father would naturally desire to leave a record in the nation's history not unworthy of his high descent. The plea of avoidance of which the above dispatch speaks is only a premonition of danger, and a very significant one, to other aspirants from his unexpected popularity. The simple facts of the situa-

tion are that there is entire unanimity in regard to his fitness and popularity, as indicated by the universal desire on the part of our workers to use him as a candidate for Vice-President, to prop up the claims of some Presidential candidate. This fact is so apparent that it is impossible that even the most casual observer should fail to note it, and the inquiry instinctively arises if he is so especially fitted for the Vice-Presidential nomination, with all the contingencies which the events of the last administration have so deeply impressed upon the minds of all, if he is worthy to assume this responsibility, and his fitness and popularity are so striking as to exclude the consideration of any other name for that place, why is he not equally available as a candidate for the Presidency?

* *

WE cannot better illustrate the danger of putting the control of the education fund in the hands of the states than by giving a few extracts from the letters received from the South in regard to the petitions which we recently distributed to our subscribers and others. Many thousands of these petitions, signed by the best men and women of the country, are now lying on our desk, and a large number of the best and bravest of the South have endorsed the plan therein outlined. Not a few from that section, however, have taken occasion to express in English prose of considerable vigor their disapproval of anything that looks toward the enlightenment or elevation of the colored people in any respect whatever. A correspondent from Texas writes:

"The success of the measures you advocate for the education and elevation of the colored race would only be whetting a knife for the destruction of the nation. If they should be carried into effect, they would result in a baptism of blood on this continent hardly surpassed by the terrible days of the French revolution. I know the character of the Southern people, black and white, and know that while you may be laboring from pure motives, at this time you are the most dangerous man in America. You say, 'The people are our rulers, let the king declare his will.' I say the people are led by just such misguided men as you are, and when the king speaks he only echoes the voice of a few of the most impulsive and unreliable leaders. You would have the lion and the lamb, the white man and the black man, lie down side by side and live in peace and harmony as equal components of our Southern life. It cannot be done. When the lion and the lamb, the white man and the black man, lie down together, the mattress will be of blood and the coverlid of sod."

Another—a candid, earnest gentleman from Georgia, who is evidently annoyed at the use of the term "poor whites," feeling it to be a reflection upon the people of the South—writes to us frankly, setting forth the views of a very large proportion of the people of that region. If we had used the term in the sense in which he supposes or for that purpose, we should feel bound to make instant apology to every man living at the South. We desire to call his attention, however, and that of other readers, to the fact that we do not and never have used this term as applicable to the Southern people in bulk, and have very often protested against its use at all. It is, however, nearly impossible to direct the attention of the Northern reader to the vast mass of ignorance and poverty which is to be found among the more unfortunate class of Southern people without the use of this term, which has become conventional. For one, we fully understand, and we wish the whole country could understand, that the people who consti-

tute the bulk of white illiteracy at the South are as respectable and as worthy of consideration as any similar class in the world. Out of their ranks have come very many of the men whose brain and nerve has directed in the past, and is destined to direct in the future, the course not only of that portion of the country but of the whole land, and by natural and unavoidable evolution they are still coming. By the term "poor whites," as used in connection with the matter of national education, we mean simply that class of the Southern white people who are so unfortunate as to be illiterate, and at the same time so impoverished, as to be unable to provide themselves with the opportunities for education which every American citizen should have. Our friend whose evident sincerity awakens our hearty respect, says among other things:

"You say that such a measure well administered would put the South on a par with the North in the matter of intelligence so far as the power to read and write is concerned, almost in a generation. Do you think the North would desire that, and do you suppose they would favor a measure and pay for it too, that would destroy their supremacy over the poor whites and negroes of the South?"

It seems impossible for our friend, who fairly represents a large class, to believe that the people of the North can desire the education and elevation of the colored man without some sinister motive. He believes that the people of the North are desirous of appropriating money for education at the South simply in order to irritate and degrade the white people of that section. Such is not at all the fact. It is even true that the desire to assist and develop the white element of the South is even greater than the impulse to do good to the colored people. There doubtless is a sentiment that more is due from us to the colored people than to the whites, because they have not had so good an opportunity to assist themselves, and because the position in which they are now placed is one for which we are largely responsible. But it is not true that there is any feeling toward the white people of the South other than that of the most sincere desire to see them benefited by universal intelligence and opportunity for self-development. The same correspondent further says:

"You say that slavery was based on ignorance. I thought it was based on the constitution of the United States, which, for that reason, you abolitionists declared to be in league with hell. . . . You go on the assumption that good government depends on the intelligence of the masses. A little reflection will show you that this is not so. You cannot name a country in which it is true. It is not so in this country, and never has been. Good government rests, and always must rest, upon the intelligence of the few, and the patriotism of the many. You say the South is more illiterate than the North. Granted; but let us take two states—the empire states of the North and of the South—New York and Georgia, and place them side by side, the one with her mass of ignorant poor whites, and the other with her boasted intelligence, and then tell me which is the best governed. I am opposed to this measure, and to all measures for the education and elevation of the negro. I do not think you are candid in regard to it. If the condition of the poor whites of the South was ten times worse, and there were no negroes to be benefited, would you, and those who act with you, move heaven and earth as you do to help them? I do not believe that you would. This is merely a scheme to lift the negro in intelligence to the level of the North, in order that he may govern and control the whites of the South. I thank God most seriously

for the course of the leaders of the Republican party. They have arrayed the whites against the blacks throughout the South. I hope they will ever continue to do so, and thus keep the races as far apart as possible in every respect. The elevation of the colored man means, and always must mean, the degradation of the white man."

We give these two extracts simply as indicative of the feeling of a very large proportion of the Southern people. Both of the men are, undoubtedly, sincere in their views. They simply reflect the tone of public sentiment about them, and their views are valuable, both as showing the necessity of a more general and thorough enlightenment of the people of that section, of both races and also as indicating the danger of putting the administration of such a fund in the hands of people who are subject to such popular influences.

EVEN if the general sentiment of the South were entirely reversed from what it is, the policy of the bill which has just passed the Senate would be only a little less dangerous and absurd. Even if it were true that every man of the South, of whatever race or party, was earnest and sincere in favor of promoting by every means the intelligence of the masses, without regard to "race, color, or previous condition," it would still be a very unwise plan to put the money in bulk into the state treasuries, and leaving it subject to legislative action and distribution through the hands of state officials. Even if the facts of the case were reversed, and Massachusetts and Pennsylvania were to receive the greater portion of the appropriation, this would still be dangerous. No legislature, in any state of the North or South, is above the reach of improper influences, and the temptation which the disposition, year by year, of half a million or a million dollars, raised, not by taxation of their constituencies, but coming from sources beyond the limits of the states, is one which should never be put before such a body of men. Its disposition and control is certain to become a political issue, and it, almost of necessity, becomes more or less a corruption fund. If, however, the money were held by the general government, and paid out in detail to the teachers of the state schools in the proportion of illiteracy, in the respective districts, after the schools are in actual operation, it is beyond the reach of improper legislation, and constitutes a continual stimulus to exertion on the part both of the state and the people. In very many of the states the proceeds of the agricultural land scrip were squandered in lobbying and speculation, so that the results achieved by it are altogether insignificant, as compared with what should have been achieved by like expenditure. If, instead of distributing this scrip among the states, the government had held the lands, sold them to actual settlers, and paid over to the states, year by year, the proceeds of such sales or the income thereof, for the advancement of agricultural schools, the result could hardly have failed to be a thousand-fold greater than it is to-day. Through the sagacity and business knowledge of Mr. Cornell, its full value was realized in the state of New York, and because of his wise administration of the fund, an institution has been built up thereby, the measure of whose good work is already running over. To some of the other states it has hardly been a perceptible advantage. The fund realized by the state of Pennsylvania was hardly a tithe of that which was saved to New York by the sagacity and patriotism of one of her citizens. In a number of other states the scrip was disposed of to speculators, at a figure so ridiculously

low that it would seem to have been a warning to all after Congresses against placing beneficent funds at the disposal of state legislatures.

THE fact that a bill of such dangerous proclivities has passed the Senate should inspire all those who desire to see the highest practical results achieved by the policy of national aid to education to exert every possible influence to secure the adoption of the plan heretofore outlined in *THE CONTINENT*. No single instance of human charity has ever before resulted in so much good as the Peabody fund. If the same fund had been put in the hands and at the disposal of state legislatures there is no sane man who believes that its results would have been at all comparable with those which have been achieved. The sound business principle upon which it has proceeded from the first has been a determination to help those who help themselves. To put its money into schools which are in actual operation with a prescribed average attendance, and to pay when the work is done. Twenty millions of dollars expended through the South upon this system would accomplish more than the seventy-seven millions appropriated by the Senate bill upon the plan contained therein. The Peabody fund does not interfere or seek to interfere with the administration of state law in regard to public schools. Neither should the United States Government. The managers of the Peabody fund applied its proceeds directly to the schools. Upon the same simple system the Government of the United States might put into every school district just that proportion of the fund which its ratio of illiteracy would entitle it to receive, upon the condition precedent that a school be established in that particular district and a sufficient fund to discharge the remainder of its expenses be provided by the state, the county or individuals. We hope our friends will make especial effort to forward at as early a day as possible the petitions which they have received with as many signatures as they are able to obtain, in order that the matter may be laid before the House of Representatives before the Senate bill is acted upon and the dangerous elements which it contains become a law.

A FRIEND who was especially active in securing the passage of the Senate bill writes to us in reference to our strictures thereupon in *THE CONTINENT* and elsewhere, and gives as an excuse for the improper character of the measure that, "It is not at all likely that a plan so carefully guarded as that which you propose could secure the approval of the present Congress, and in order that no time might be lost, but the good work of enlightenment might at once begin, it was deemed best by the friends of education to accept this bill as the best that could now be obtained in that direction."

This is the very excuse that was assigned fifteen years ago for the flagrant and apparent defects of the reconstruction measures. The members of that Congress declared that it was necessary to do something at once, that it was uncertain who might be their successors, and that anything tending in that direction, however defective, was better than no action at all. There never was a greater fallacy. Improper legislation is the most serious obstacle toward the attainment of any good purpose. A law which professes to do great things and accomplishes nothing, an act which has for its object setting in operation of machinery which must endure for many years, which fails to afford good and effective means for the accomplishment of its purpose, is

forever afterward a stumbling-block in the way of progress or reform. Ordinary prudence demands that the machinery provided for an act should be such as may be reasonably relied upon to accomplish the result at which it aims. The simpler that machinery, the better and more effective. But when in their haste to secure something looking in the direction which they wish to go the friends of such a measure accept an improper, unreliable measure instead of the complete and practical one which they know to be demanded, they are putting off the day of accomplished results and making the difficulties of the future ten-fold greater than those of the present. Every man who will consider for a moment the plan which has been outlined in *THE CONTINENT*, based as it is upon the sagacity and experience which have made such an unprecedented success of the Peabody fund, knows that that plan cannot fail to accomplish the desired results. On the other hand, every one who has studied for half an hour the history of national appropriations to the states for specific purposes, cannot fail to realize that a greater or less proportion of that fund is certain to be lost or misapplied in passing through the maelstrom of state legislation and party struggle.

* *

THE same correspondent says :

"The objection which was made by the members of the Senate Committee to the plan you have outlined was the intricacy of the machinery which it made necessary. It was found that the difficulties in the way of paying out so large a sum as eight or ten millions of dollars in a year in small amounts, in different localities, would be very extensive if not absolutely impracticable."

Let us once more analyze the plan proposed, and ascertain where its intricacy lies. In a word, it was that the money should be paid to the teacher of a school in actual operation, in every school district, instead of being handed over in bulk to the states to be distributed by them. This plan requires the following machinery and no more : Some officer of the United States Government, presumably the Commissioner of Education, would be required thereby to do these things.

1. To ascertain how many illiterates there were in each township or school district. This fact in regard to any such district may be learned in two minutes by consulting the Census of 1880.
2. To ascertain what proportion of these illiterates were of the whites, and what proportion were colored. This would require one minute more.
3. Knowing the number of illiterates in each district, he is required to ascertain the sum to which the schools of that district would be entitled to receive out of the appropriation. To do this he would multiply the number of illiterates by the amount per capita appropriated by the bill. This ought to take not more than thirty seconds.
4. When this work has been accomplished with regard to the various districts, he had then to ascertain another fact, to wit : Has a primary school, free to all individuals of the race for which it has been designed, been in operation in that district during the certain specified time ? Has that school had a specific average attendance during that time ? Has the state or county, or have individuals, paid the specific proportion of the salaries of the teachers therein ? These facts would be ascertained by the report of the teachers of the state or county examiner or of any parties that might be

designated by the act. This portion of his duty is just as intricate and difficult, and no more so, than the examination of a voucher forwarded by the pensioner to the agent authorized by law to pay the same. All the labor that would be required would be to forward the necessary blanks to the teacher or person making the application, and see that they were properly filled out when returned.

5. These facts having been ascertained, it would be the duty of the commissioner to forward to the teacher a check for the sum he was entitled to receive.

The whole system of payments is modeled precisely upon that in operation for the payments of pensions ; the cheapest, most effective, and best-guarded system which has ever been known either in the general government or in the administration of any state. The hundreds of thousands of pensioners of the United States, situated in all parts of the country, are paid regularly and promptly every quarter in sums varying from two to seventy-five dollars each, at an expense altogether trivial when the amount of disbursement is taken into consideration, and with a certainty so simple as to awaken the surprise of every one who examines its operations. But the expenses even of this system might be reduced at least one-third, and its efficiency be greatly improved thereby. If the hundreds of millions which are paid out year by year to pensioners may be thus cheaply, certainly and economically distributed, why should not the ten or twelve millions which it is proposed to distribute by this bill be distributed with equal ease and economy ? We have already stated our belief that one-fifth of one per cent of the appropriation would be entirely sufficient to defray all expenses of its disbursement. Instead of being at all complicated, this plan is so simple and effective that it has no charms for the lobbyist or the political worker. It were better that we should not begin the work of national aid to education even for a decade than that we should throw away not merely the fund appropriated but the opportunity to establish a thorough and effective system.

* *

THE *Camden Journal* speers the following in a way that bespeaks a chuckle lying behind :

"I have read your comments on the reasons assigned by the author of 'The Bread Winners' for publishing his or her story anonymously. The effect of your comments was to create in my own mind the query, why did the author of 'A Fool's Errand'—the most remarkable book of recent years—withhold his name from its title-page. That his reasons were excellent I do not doubt, but what they were, with your many other readers, I would be interested to know."

The inquiry is one very easily answered. The title was complete without the name of the author. "A Fool's Errand by One of the Fools," could not very well be followed by a specific name. The author was especially desirous of emphasizing two facts : First, that any one who had pursued a course at all similar to that of the principal character of the work was a fool, and secondly, that the author had been through the mill. Another reason was, that the writer believed that the form of the title would constitute one of those pleasant literary conundrums which have a distinct market value, and would consequently enhance the sale of the work. In our opinion, the simple fact that a man chooses to publish his work anonymously is a sufficient reason for doing so, requiring no apology or explanation.



THE tone of Dr. Newman's book,¹ from its triumphant title to its tremendous assertions of the "magnificent defence" and "brilliant victories" of the Church, is so jubilant as to imply that some sudden stroke of a merciful Providence had removed for ever every infidel from the surface of the earth. Dr. Newman does not define his "infidel" with great exactness; but we have a suspicion that he would like him to include atheists, Unitarians, radicals, agnostics—everybody, indeed, not a member in good and regular standing of some "evangelical" church. He relies greatly on statistics: so many Bibles sold, so many churches built, so many worshippers in attendance, so many converts—*ergo*, Christianity triumphant. But when he has no figures to fall back upon, his arguments are exceedingly childish. To begin with, he starts with the idea that his infidels hate Christianity; but, in reality, the man does not probably exist who believes that Christianity has been a mistake, or an injury to the world, though there are, probably, several hundreds of thousands—we regret that we have not Dr. Newman's exactness as to figures—who simply do not accept Christianity as the end of all things, as the final revelation for all time, but merely as one of the great religions—the greatest because the latest—giving the world, in its day, an immense impetus toward the still greater truths, and beliefs, and revelations that shall follow as man develops. These are the infidels, whose very admiration for Christ makes them distrustful of the Christianity of to-day, which, to them, has wandered very far and wide from the spirit of its Founder.

As a sample of the tremendous assertions made by Dr. Newman, we may quote the following:

"The enemy has been compelled to make concessions. Whatever was the origin of man's body, two things have been conceded: That, after the production of that body, there was something superadded thereto, which we call the soul; and that all life comes from antecedent life."

Will not Dr. Newman, with his passion for statistics, give us the names of those who have "conceded" these things, and state whether they are great thinkers who have changed their minds? The inference is that the concession has been unusual. We believe as earnestly as Dr. Newman in the existence of a soul, but we are not prepared to understand that everybody does. His accusations against "infidels" in household life, in government, and in commerce are wholesale. He has the audacity to declare that "the best principle infidelity has to offer" is that "honesty is the best policy." Does he fail to see that a certain *policy* is at the basis of all Christian well-doing—a policy none the less patent because its gain will perhaps appear only in the next world, where untold glory and honor and "reward" are to be showered on "believers"? Does he dare to declare that "infidels" do not believe in virtue? Is he incapable of seeing a certain nobility in a standard which says, "Do right because it is right, and not because it will please God?" Has he ever heard Felix Adler preach that there is no God to reward and no future life to give us another chance, but that virtue and nobility exist, and that to have no other chance is

the very reason why we should do our best with this? We do not agree with Felix Adler any more than Dr. Newman, but we recognize a nobility in his standpoint.

Next to statistics, Dr. Newman relies on rhetoric. "I appeal to the men of business: Were you about to employ a young man, which would you select, an atheist or him whose model is Christ?" We are tempted to make a reply in kind, and state that we heard a gentleman, who has fifty or more men under his employ, state once, that of two men, one of whom swore and one of whom *took pains to have it known* that he was a Christian, he invariably took the swearer. This is not the kind of argument we should use ourselves, except as Dr. Newman challenges it. We no more believe that a bad Christian is bad because he is a Christian than we believe a good Christian is good because he is a Christian; and we should not think of advancing as a plea against Christianity the fact which has become proverbial that the defaulters of society are generally pronounced Christians; but we do think such facts point to the fact of there being sometimes a question of "policy" in the garb of religion.

THE long lull in the manufacture of birthday books led to the belief that the present supply had been found more than sufficient. The great-granddaughter of Wordsworth is, however, of a different mind, and is preparing one which will contain the choicest selections from the works of her poet progenitor.

ONE of the best characterizations of Mr. Howell's last novel has been given by the London *Spectator*, which considers "A Woman's Reason" as the best book the author has produced. The book "might not inaptly," it says, "have been entitled 'Struggles of a Young Lady to Earn her Own Living, related by a Gentleman who is firmly convinced that she could do nothing of the kind.'"

THE publishers' spring announcements are full of interest. Roberts Bros. print a novel by Miss Maud Howe, entitled "The San Rosario Ranch," the scene of which is laid partly in California and partly abroad. They bring out also a cheap edition of P. G. Hamerton's "Intellectual Life;" "The Usurper," a novel written by the daughter of Theophile Gautier, and translated by Miss Alger, and the poems of Miss Mary F. Robinson, "The New Arcadia."

A LETTER of George Eliot's, written in December '59, after reading a criticism made upon "Adam Bede," might well be taken to heart by all workers in the same field. "I shall," she writes, "go on writing from my inward promptings, writing what I love and believe—what I feel to be good and true, if I can only render it worthily—and then leave the rest to take its chance: 'as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,' with those who are to produce any art that will lastingly touch the generations of men."

TWO more volumes have been added to the new and revised edition of Donald G. Mitchell's works, "Dr. Johns" and "Bound Together," the latter a collection of miscellaneous papers, including the graceful address on Washington Irving, read last year at Tarrytown. "Dr. Johns" is so quiet and unobtrusive a story, that its real merit as a most faithful and picturesque study of certain vanishing elements in New England life may not be discerned by the hasty reader, who, if he will pause long enough, will discover what delicate flavor and quality may be found in the pleasant pages. (16mo, pp. 431-291, \$1.25 each; Charles Scribner's Sons.)

AMONG the many good things accomplished by the Centennial was the revival of knitting, one of the quietest yet most pleasant forms of feminine handiwork. For an invalid it is always a resource, and a "new stitch" is almost as

(1) CHRISTIANITY TRIUMPHANT. By John P. Newman, D. D., LL. D. 12mo, pp. 136, \$1.00. Standard Library. Funk & Wagnalls. New York.

important a matter as a new remedy, and if fascinating enough, may even do away with the necessity for the remedy. The advent of a new magazine, especially for knitters will, therefore, be hailed with applause; and as *Dorcas*, this new candidate for favor, is excellently printed and as excellently edited, it ought to find the large constituency of subscribers who need it, and who will find it a friendly and most efficient little guide. (\$1.00 per year. 872 Broadway, New York).

THE archaeological novel has been made popular by Ebers, one of whose most successful followers is found in Ernest Eckstein, the author of "Quintus Claudius." In "Prusias," his latest work, we have catastrophe unrelieved by any of the brightness and harmony which ended the story of "Quintus Claudius." Prusias, the Armenian, becomes the leader first of conspiracy, and then of outbreak among the people enslaved by Rome—an outbreak abortive in the end, and leaving its originator in the hands of his enemies to die by self-administered poison, directly after his acknowledgment that he is not only conspirator but a king—Darius, the brother of the conquered Mithridates. There is much picturesque description of the stately Roman life in this colony of Capua where the scene is laid, but the story is too painfully detailed a tragedy to be especially cheerful reading, though it will be found an excellent medium for fixing in the mind certain phases of Roman history. (2 vols., cloth, pp. 355-385, \$1.75; William S. Gottsberger.)

IN spite of the fact that it is the record of a very noble life, the "Memoir of Charles Lowe," by his wife, Martha Perry Lowe, is a depressing book, and for various reasons. The fact that it is his wife and worshiper who writes robs the story of naturalness, many details being necessarily omitted that would have given life and interest to the somewhat monotonous pages. Mr. Lowe's mental make-up was that New England combination of dyspepsia and keen intellectuality, dominated by painful conscientiousness and a marvelous gift of introspection. Patient and indefatigable labor—the persistence which is also a New England characteristic—were his in marked degree, and his final position as head of the American Unitarian Association gave him full opportunity for the unsparing work he loved, and made his name a familiar one to all liberal workers and thinkers. He was too intense and absorbed to possess much sense of humor, and this salt is lacking throughout journals and correspondence, while the ill health, always hampering him, made him even more reserved than nature had already left him. The book carries its moral on every page—a warning against over-work, and an appeal to cultivate the power of relaxation and enjoyment before the capacity for it is permanently destroyed. (Cloth, 12mo, pp. 595, \$1.50; Cupples, Upham & Co.).

THE regular correspondence of newspapers of the first class, in these days, often forms a distinctly valuable contribution to the literature of the subjects discussed; and if there be permanent interest attaching to the topics themselves, the skillful presentation of them in the correspondent's letters renders them well worthy the covers of a book. Of such a kind is "Byways of Nature and Life," by Clarence Deming, well and favorably known as "C. D." of the *Evening Post*. Over thirty of his letters to this journal are here handsomely printed and bound. Their character is varied—social sketches, descriptions of travel and of objects of economic interest, and such other topics as a ranging, keen-eyed philosopher finds to write about as he studies the unexplored corners of the world, form their staple. Geographically, they cover the earth from Newfoundland to the Bahamas, and from Mississippi to the field of Waterloo. "A British Election Day" and "A Yankee Town-Meeting" show the Anglo-Saxon exercising eternal vigilance under varying conditions;

"The Buried Forests of New Jersey," "Petrolia and its Marvels," "Logging in Michigan Wilds," and other chapters, give striking pictures of American industries; "The Old College Ball-Ground," "A Yankee Coon-Hunt," and "Catching the Grayling," betray that Mr. Deming's education has effected one of the objects of all education, and "conserved the boy in the man"; and in a well-selected list of topics of general interest, the author has presented a well-written volume, engaging and instructive. (\$2.50; G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

THERE is a theory among critics that the average subscription book can, in no sense, be regarded as literature, and is simply a means of disseminating information among remote districts, knowing books only through the medium of the book-agent. History in its driest form—made bearable only by profuse illustrations—weak and gushing biography, and weaker humor, are counted as the staple supply for this wandering and much-maligned benefactor, whose mission is to convince sceptical farmers, and more sceptical villagers, that life without the latest production of their special firm is a dreary blank. Yet, if one examines a list of books that have been introduced by this method, and have taken firm place in popular affection, surprise at their really excellent literary quality will be the first emotion. Here, as in the ordinary trade, there are all grades of work; but the standard has risen steadily, and some of our best authors have chosen this method of presenting their thoughts—a successful subscription book meaning a far larger money return to the author than when handled by the ordinary methods. To this better class belongs the handsomely printed volume, "A Book of New England Legends and Folk-Lore, in Prose and Poetry," by Samuel Adams Drake. Mr. Drake is already known through a charming little volume, "Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast," and naturally, in seeking out such nooks, he became familiar with its immediate traditions, rehearsed by the "oldest inhabitant," and far more a part of New England life than is generally supposed. The readers of Longfellow and Whittier will find here the facts, often even more dramatic than the poems to which they have given birth. The Quaker persecutions are told with something of the same spirit which fired Mr. Hallowell in his "Quakers in Massachusetts," it being very certain that both authors would have been likely, two hundred years ago, to share the fate the justice of which they so stoutly denounce. While the student of colonial history finds little that is unfamiliar, the book has for the general reader very great value, being not only picturesquely and strongly written, but accurately faithful to fact. (8vo, pp. 457, \$2.50; Roberts Bros., Boston.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLBERG. By Anne Ayres. With portrait. 12mo, pp. 524, \$1.50; Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

THE DANCE OF MODERN SOCIETY. By William Cleaver Wilkinson. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 78, 60 cents; Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY. From the Rhythm of St. Bernard of Cluny. Translated by Rev. John Mason Neale, D. D. Parchment paper, 25 cents; A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

APOSTOLIC LIFE. As Revealed in the Acts of the Apostles. By Joseph Parker, D. D. Vol., I. From the Ascension of Christ to the Withdrawal of Peter. 8vo, pp. 353, \$1.50; Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

A RELIGIOUS ENCYCLOPEDIA OR DICTIONARY OF Biblical, Historical, Doctrinal, and Practical Theology. Based on the Real-Encyclopedia of Herzog, Plitt and Hauck. Edited by Philip Schaff, D. D. Vol. III. Royal, 8vo, cloth pp. 2631, \$6.00; Funk & Wagnalls.

CRITICAL AND EXEGETICAL HAND-BOOK TO THE EPISTLE OF ROMANS. By Heinrich August Wilhelm Meyer, Th. D. Translated from the Fifth Edition of the German, by Rev. John C. Moore and Rev. Edwin Johnson. With a Preface and Supplementary Notes to the American Edition. By Timothy Dwight, D. D. 8vo, pp. 588, \$3.00; Funk & Wagnalls.



THE FORESTS.—It was a happy coincidence that, after the New York State Legislature had ignored the important subject of forest preservation until its friends well-nigh despaired, the Senate should have unexpectedly taken up and passed a bill on the very day when a mass meeting was called in New York to promote the same cause. The meeting was held at Chickering Hall on the evening of April 9th. Not a seat was vacant, and standing room was scant in the body of the house.

The platform was occupied by a large number of gentlemen interested in preserving the great natural water reservoirs of the state. Mayor Edson presided, and among the vice-presidents, whose names were used by permission where they could not themselves be present, were President Arthur, General Grant, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, Chauncey M. Depew, the Rev. Robert Collyer, Cyrus W. Field, Joseph H. Choate, Carl Schurz, A. W. Tourgée, William W. Niles, N. Gano Dunn, John G. Boyd, and Dr. Ferdinand Seeger.

Mayor Edson, on taking the chair, said in substance: "The necessity for the preservation of the Adirondack forests should no longer be a question for discussion; the question should be how *best* to preserve them; how to overcome all the obstacles that lie in the way of such an end. Permit the destruction of these forests, even if they may be replaced in the course of years with deciduous trees, and you provide all the conditions—already provided in other states—which have led to the appalling destruction of life and property upon the Ohio River and its tributaries within the last two months. The people of this Empire State fortunately can yet choose as to whether her rivers and her fertile valleys shall be preserved and maintained as arteries of commerce, affording unexampled facilities for manufacturing, or permit them to become at times the channels of devastating floods, and at others shallow, unprofitable streams. Such perils are surely threatening the future of this state, and we have reached a period when, in order to avert them, legislation becomes necessary. To the people of the state, as represented in its Senate and Assembly, and in its Executive Chamber, let us say to-night, that if our state is to retain its proud position in this great commonwealth of states; if, while alternate flood and drought are working the destruction of the accumulated wealth of other regions, New York is to go forward in the prosperous enjoyment of seed-time and harvest; if our canals and our rivers are to continue to carry upon their bosoms the products of our great harvest-fields and of our factories—to continue an unquestioned check upon excessive carrying-rates between the West and the East—they must, through discreet legislation, preserve the Adirondack forests."

In introducing Carl Schurz, Mr. Edson referred to the recommendations of the latter, when Secretary of the Interior, for the United States, respecting the protection of forests on the public lands of the West. After a hearty round of applause, Mr. Schurz said:

"I thank the Mayor for having referred to the fact that as Secretary of the Interior I had occasion to treat this

subject practically. I am proud of the fact that one of the first acts which it was my good fortune to take into consideration was the issuing of instructions to the subordinates of the Government Land Department to use their whole power under the law and stop the taking of timber from the public lands, and thus as far as in them lay to prevent and arrest the destruction of the forests. At that time my efforts and the reasons I gave for them were ridiculed and denounced as the notions of a theorist and a visionary who had imported some outlandish ideas from a little country called Prussia, utterly inadaptable to this great empire. I am glad to see that public opinion has changed somewhat. The subject under discussion is only a part of a great national problem. Fifty years ago a very large portion of the country east of the Mississippi was covered with dense woodland. At that time the timber supply of this country was considered inexhaustible for centuries to come. What is the condition of to-day? Reliable statisticians tell us that the timber supply of this country will not for twenty years be sufficient even to satisfy the growing requirements of our population, and that perhaps even in fifteen years we shall run short and be obliged to supply the deficiency by importation. In the same measure as the forests have disappeared from the countries of the Old World has the fertility of those countries disappeared also, until finally when the forests had been destroyed entirely the fertility was completely gone. There is a spirit prevailing in this country which is an exceedingly dangerous one, and that is to make money to-day no matter what will become of us to-morrow. You can scarcely take up a newspaper without finding the statement that a great many of the water courses of the country which have been able to drive the largest mill-wheels are now scarcely able to drive the smallest. Ask the Mississippi River steamboat men, and they will tell you that the large craft that used to navigate the river would now run aground in five minutes. This is the result of the disappearance of the forests from the banks. In New England they are considering whether it is not necessary to begin replanting the forests. That is done in almost every civilized country to-day. They are our great water reservoirs. If we have only the commonest kind of common sense, if we have the least regard for the prosperity of the generations that are to follow us, we should see to it that all the resources of science should be exhausted to nurture them, that they may accomplish the great purposes for which nature has planted them. We are coolly told that these woods are simply to be cut off. Imagine a large part of the city of New York destroyed by fire. That would be a great calamity. But the city could be re-built as Chicago was. If the Adirondacks are destroyed they cannot be replaced under a century. They can never be restored. I think the whole people of New York should ask their representatives to see that this great wrong should be stopped."

Other speakers followed in the same vein. The Rev. George W. Gallagher and F. B. Thurber spoke in favor of earnest action on behalf of the forests. Henry Bergh, who received an ovation, frankly said that he was there to advocate the interests of the "so-called lower animals," and not of the people before him. He was interested in preserving the forests because these animals, if the woods were destroyed, would be compelled to flee to the cities, "greatly to their moral detriment." He was frequently interrupted by laughter and applause.

Appropriate resolutions were adopted, and a large committee appointed to urge legislation on behalf of the forests.

The bill referred to above, and passed by the Senate, is not so comprehensive a measure as could be wished, in view of the vital necessity of prompt action, but it probably goes as far in the right direction as is safe, consider-

ing the present temper of the majority in the House. Should it become a law, it will at least be one point gained for the good of all, even including the lumbermen, who are at this moment doing their worst to anticipate protective measures.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PATENTS.—In a recent speech on the reorganization of the Patent Office, the Chairman of the Committee on Patents, the Hon. Orville H. Platt of Connecticut, delivered a remarkably well considered speech on the nature of patents and the importance of preserving to the inventor the fruits of his skill. We can only make a few suggestive extracts here, but we take pleasure in referring to the "supplement" of the *Scientific American*, under date of April 12th, where the speech is published in full:

"I know the argument is often used that inventions are opposed to the labor interests of the country. It is not true. There is a redistribution of labor whenever a new labor-saving machine is invented, but there is no destruction of labor. There is no degradation of labor in invention. The man released from a particular kind of labor by the introduction of a labor-saving machine does not go down in the grade and scale of labor, but he ascends. He engages in some higher employment, in some more productive vocation, for patents elevate the laborer. New inventions open new fields of labor. The laborer who lives and breathes the air of invention produces more, man for man, than he who does not live in such an atmosphere, for patents are educators.

"Property in patents is a property which contains within itself the principal of the reproduction of property, and that is a characteristic which attaches to no other species of property. Every patent has in it the germ of a new patent, which in turn is property. Like that marvelous creation of God, 'the tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed,' every patented invention contains the fruit of an invention yielding seed. For instance, the telegraph generated the telephone, and other motors are to be the progeny of the steam-engine. The children of the steam-engine are already born that shall grow up to perform their work more easily, more expeditiously, more cheaply than the parent invention.

"Nature is one vast storehouse of wealth, but it is a locked storehouse, and the human brain alone can unlock it. Invention is the magic key. Men seek gold in the bowels of the earth, but it lies in the air, in light, in the gases, in electricity. In needs no enchanter's wand, no talismanic words, to set it free—only the process of thought. Let me give you an illustration of the saving of patents. I take perhaps as the most marked instance of the saving made by the use of patented inventions the Bessemer steel plant.

"In 1868 the average price of steel rails was \$165 per ton. The price since the commencement of 1884 is \$34 per ton. The production of steel rails in 1883 was 1,295,740 tons. The same quantity made in 1868 would have cost more than they cost in 1884 by \$168,446,200. That is the saving of a single year as the result of this invention.

"But when we have thus considered the saving in the cost of production we have just begun to consider the saving which is effected by this patent. The entire transportation question of the country has been affected by it. The life of a Bessemer steel rail is double the life of an iron rail; it is more than double, and it is capable of very much harder usage. Now take a single fact as suggesting the saving, aside from that of cost of the production of the steel rail which has been effected by this patent. In 1868 the freight charge per bushel from Chicago to New York was by lake and canal 25-3 cents, by all rail 42-6 cents. In 1884 by lake and canal it is 9 cents only, and by all rail 17 cents only. Now take the 119,000 miles of railroad in the United States which are used in the transportation of merchandise. Apply that fact to the reduction of the cost of transportation, a large portion of which has resulted directly from the use of the Bessemer steel rail, and tell me if you can estimate—see if you can find the figures which will represent the saving to this nation by reason of the use of this one patented invention.

"For my part, I believe that two-thirds of the aggregate wealth of the United States is due to patented inventions.

Two-thirds of the \$43,000,000,000 which represents the aggregate wealth of the United States, in my judgment, rests solely upon the inventions, past and present, of this country. The only way to test the opinion is by imagining the effect upon values which would follow a prohibition of the use of patented inventions.

"We stand to-day in the gateway of a most marvelous future. Let us hope that eyes may be given us to see that the inscription over the gate reads, 'Protection to the American patent system and all that it comprehends and involves.'

"I would gladly speak here of the addition to our comforts and our enjoyments by the use of patented inventions, but I forbear. If we can conceive a situation in which we should live in a home in the building or fitting up of which no patent was employed; eat our family meal in the provision or preparation of which there was no invention; be clothed in apparel into the making of which no patent entered; ride to our business in a conveyance in the construction of which all patents were prohibitory; read only such books and papers as were produced without the intervention of patented machinery, we may realize partially how much of our social and domestic happiness is derived from patents.

"We protect all our personal property by patents; we lock it up with patented locks, and if anybody breaks through and steals our treasures we overtake the thief by a patented telegraph. We defend our national honor by patents. We heard only yesterday that an unfortunate riot occurred in one of our principal cities. It was the telegraph which summoned the troops of the State to Cincinnati; it was that subtle force, so intangible, impalpable, invisible, that we scarcely know whether it is material or spiritual, which the inventive genius of man has harnessed to do his business, which at an instant's time summoned soldiers from all sections of Ohio to the defense of Cincinnati."

PRESSURE IN A DIVING-BELL.—"A diving-bell," says *Nature*, "allows us to perceive a sudden increase of pressure, but not by the ordinary sense of touch. The hand does not perceive the difference between fifteen pounds per square inch, pressing it all around, and seventeen pounds or eighteen pounds, or twenty pounds, or even thirty pounds per square inch, as is experienced when you go down in a diving-bell. If you go down five and a half fathoms in a diving-bell your hand is pressed all round with a force of thirty pounds to the square inch; but yet you do not perceive any difference in the sense of force, any perception of pressure. What you do perceive is this: Behind the tympanum is a certain cavity filled with air, and a greater pressure on one side of the tympanum than on the other gives rise to a painful sensation, and sometimes produces rupture of it, in a person going down in a diving-bell suddenly. The remedy for the painful sensation thus experienced, or rather I should say its prevention, is to keep chewing a piece of hard biscuit, or making believe to do so. If you are chewing a hard biscuit the operation keeps open a certain passage, by which the air-pressure gets access to the inside of the tympanum and balances the outside pressure, and thus prevents the painful effect. This painful effect on the ear experienced by going down in a diving-bell is simply because a certain piece of tissue is being pressed more on one side than on the other; and when we get such a tremendous force on a delicate thing like the tympanum we may experience a great deal of pain, and it may be dangerous; indeed, it is dangerous, and produces rupture or damage to the tympanum unless means be adopted for obviating the difference in the pressure; but the simple means I have indicated are, I believe, with an ordinary healthy person perfectly successful." This is analogous to the fact, well known to artillerymen, that the painful effect on the ear of the discharge of heavy guns is largely mitigated by opening the mouth at the time of firing. The reason is obviously the same as in the case of the diving-bell, namely, sudden compression of the air, which renders a counter pressure necessary to relieve the tympanum.

